

THE RADICAL.

SEPTEMBER 1867.

ADDRESS.*

IT is a fine instance of the intimate nobility of John's character, of his pure disinterestedness, that he did not begin to do what the majority of preachers do : when a more attractive man than themselves, and a better preacher, begins somewhere near them and thins their congregation, try to underrate and cry him down. When his disciples come and say, " Rabbi, he that was with thee beyond Jordan is baptizing, and all men come to him," he replied, " Ye are witnesses that I said, / am not the Christ. A man can have nothing but what is given him from heaven. I never had this gift of the Christhood ; this man has it : he is therefore the Christ, just as much as the man who has the bride (in a true wedding) is a bridegroom. But as the friend of the bridegroom rejoices at the wedding, so I rejoice that my friend and kinsman is the Messiah. So then, be quiet ; do not be annoyed, or jealous, or hypercritical. You cannot yet see, as I see, how much more this man must be than I ever can be. He must increase ; I must decrease."

There are two theories of the life of Christ.

By the one, he is made to spring from the bosom of God, in a condition of absolute perfection, — being all, knowing all, and doing all, — in a fullness as much beyond the demand, as the fullness of the Atlantic is beyond the demand of a chip, or the fullness of the sunlight the demand of a mole. By this theory, the tiny hand that shakes the rude rattle in the home at Nazareth, at that moment also holds the sceptre of the universe. The eye, filled with laughing light at the sound of his mother's voice, as she moves about to her daily duties, sweeps with the same glance into the most distant and dark spaces ; and the tongue trying, with tireless diligence, to utter the broken words of babyhood, is heard also commanding all the hosts

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of heaven. In the light of this conception, whatever is done beyond the common reaches of common humanity is carried forward and accounted for by his being there and then God. Is he able to puzzle the Jewish doctors? While he was yet a boy of twelve, he carried into that temple all the wisdom of God! — how could he fail? Is he able to break the power of the devil forty days in the wilderness? He carried into the combat the power of God! — how, then, could he fail? So, through all he is and all he does, from first to last, this being we call Jesus Christ is made to be only the dark glass through which the world looks at the insufferable light and fire of God.

Now, brought within the lines of a careful reason, to say this is to say that he knew infinitely more of everything than all the great masters knew of anything; that his sense of what befitted the Messiah alone held him back from announcing the most important facts that have come in the opening ages; and from doing, by a single act of the will, greater things than have been done by the loftiest souls that came after him.

And I mean by this, that the compass, the printing press, the locomotive, the steamboat, vaccination, Peruvian bark, chloroform, ether, iodine, subsoil ploughs, photography, anthracite coal, air-tight stoves, horse-shoes, infirmaries, sanitary commissions, cheap window-glass, the art of engraving, tea, coffee, and savings-banks, were just as clearly present in the mind of the Saviour then, as they are present in the world now.

Now, I think you will not accuse me of trying to push my statement unfairly, when I say, that if this theory — that Christ on the earth knew all things, his mind a perfect encyclopedia of the universe and of time — be true, then the greatest of all the mysteries in his life, greater than miracle and prophecy, is this mystery, that he should be here, with that heart so full of pity, that hand so ready in the labor, and that tongue so wise in the wisdom of the divinest love; should foresee all the sorrow, agony and death resulting from ignorance, through long ranges of centuries; should see all the steam escaping, all the poor barks creeping along the shore for want of a compass; in a word, the whole difference between that world and this, — yet should maintain a resolute silence. I know it will be said that these things could not take root until the true time; and, if this was not the true time, it were useless to reveal them. But I answer, that the possession of a secret that will benefit the world is the obligation to reveal it. We judge that man criminal who has found a sovereign remedy for cholera, and yet buries it in his grave. We say he did not love his fellow-men: and so, in defending the silence of

Christ, if he knew of a preventive for the small-pox, and did not tell it ; or of chloroform, to assuage extreme human agonies, and did not tell it, — we assume the ground, that, being in the likeness of a man, he was less than a man. And if you say, " But God the Spirit did not reveal these things until our time, and so why should you expect that God manifest in the flesh would do it " ? I answer, God the Spirit is surrounded by mystery : his ways are past finding out. I accept the mystery just as it is, and hold on by my faith until I can do better. But the ultimatum here is, that there is no mystery at all about it. The mystery was, how shall these things flash across the brain, and be revealed by the tongue, and done by the hand of a man ? Now, here is a brain in which these unutterable philanthropies are a quenchless fire, you say ; and an eye seeing into the eighteenth century, how to prevent the small-pox, how to save human life, human beauty, human everything ; a tongue crying, " I am come, not to destroy life, but to save it." And in that mind a secret how to save life, beside which the cures that he did (apart from their spiritual influence) were as nothing, — yet he refused to tell it ! So that the mystery is not in the possession of divinity, but in the want of humanity, if this claim be true. And so I do not really sorrow because he did not build a railroad or a steamboat, or the dome of St. Peter's ; or anticipate the Riverside Press in printing, or the Waltham chronometer. There may be questioning about those things : there can be no question about these other things. By all the holiest intuitions and inspirations of the human soul ; by the loftiest teachings of our own, and so far as I know of all other, Bibles ; by the greatest utterances of his own holy, loving, and divine nature, — if he knew everything, he was bound at least to tell this, because he had the face and touch and pity and love of a man, or his divinity was not so good a thing as a decent humanity.

I have stated this argument at this length and so fully, because it is a small shaving, and no more, from the vast bulk of argument in favor of our position on the nature of Jesus Christ. I believe no interpretation can be right, except that which is rooted and grounded in the deepest convictions and experiences, the clearest light and truth, that we apply to all the holiest and best things beside. In that light — the light in which we see our daily duties and homes and children, our common honesties, and humanities and hopes, — there can be no such universal knowledge ascribed to the Messiah. Ascribe it, and you rob him of what is to me infinitely better. So far as this small splint of light, then, 'can reveal God, Christ is not God, neither indeed can be.

So, secondly, when we get away from theories, and look honestly into the facts of the case as they stand in the Gospels, we begin to see at once, that the conditions of life to this beautiful and ingenious soul were very much what they are to you and me.

The Gospels, as you know, are not four separate and complete lives of Christ, arranged in exact chronological order, but, at the best, fragments, of which the real sequence and order are almost hopelessly gone. Still, the careful, diligent student is not left entirely without chart and compass. The harmonies that have been constructed help us somewhat, and the knowledge of what must have been the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus helps us still more. The result of all such intelligent study is that Christ began his life a Jew, believing entirely in the Jewish groove, full of exclusive and proud Jewish ideas, colored by Jewish prejudices, and hedged in by Jewish limitations; but that gradually, as his soul rose to higher planes, into clearer atmospheres, commanding vaster ranges of vision, the god of the Hebrew gave way to the God and Father of us all, — the Jewish order and ritual, to the holier service and worship of the soul. The narrow party-walls that enclosed the bigoted and turbulent faction that called themselves Jews fell down, and revealed to him the mighty brotherhood of humanity; and the lurid fires and blank despairs of the Jewish Tophet were woven through and through with the golden and silvern relief of hope.

Else I cannot imagine how these Gospels make him say at one time, "Not one smallest letter or comma shall pass from the law, until all be fulfilled"; and, "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments, and teach men so, the same shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven; and whosoever shall observe and do them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven": and, at another time, order a man he had healed to do, and again defend his disciples for doing, that which, on any fair interpretation of the old law and the prophets, must certainly be sabbath-breaking. Or why he should say to the people in one place, "The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat: whatsoever, therefore, they bid you do, that observe and do;" and then warn them, that these very men were blind guides, tyrannic, spiritual despots, binding burdens on the people too heavy to be borne, which they themselves would not touch with one of their fingers, — devouring widows' houses, and for pretence making long prayers. How he should stand out so long against the agonizing entreaties of the woman, that he would heal her daughter, and say to her, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel; and it is not right to take the children's

bread, and cast it to the dogs," — which was the scornful Jewish epithet for the outsiders ; and should easily and courteously, at another time, heal the servant of the Roman centurion. How he should say, at one time, to his disciples, "We are the children, and therefore free from paying taxes : nevertheless, lest we should give offence, go and pay it ;" and then, after that, should say to the Pharisees, "The penny that belongs to Cæsar must be given to Cæsar," — in which, by implication, at least, he taught the righteousness of the thing in itself. Or how, faithful to the idea that he was not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel, he should send his disciples out on their itinerant mission, and charge them not to go among the Gentiles, nor enter into any city of the Samaritans, — should say to a Samaritan woman, "Ye worship ye know not what ;" yet, after that, should go into Samaria with them, heal a Samaritan leper, and tell one of the most touching stories that ever fell on the human ear, about the goodness of a Samaritan man ; and, finally, send his disciples out into all the world.

Now, you can explain these differences in three ways. You can say the gospels do not report him truly ; or you can say he was not steady in his own purposes ; or you can believe that this great soul outgrew the narrow, local bounds of Judaism, in which he was born and bred, and took his own place as the first-born among the sons of God, through the influence of the very same power and life that touches you and me to-day.

First of all, at any rate, here are the facts as these men report them. They never suspect for a moment that there is any hitch about them. Nothing can exceed the simple frankness with which they are told ; and we are left entirely free to explain them as we please. Now, I believe that Luther was good and true, what there was of him, while he was a monk in the bad and corrupt Romish Church ; that his devotion to the Church in which he was bred was a commendable devotion ; and there was no more sin or fault in him for it, than there is in a boy of ten because he is not six feet tall. What he said then was as true to the man, and as right to say, as the most terrible invective he ever uttered when he became the solitary monk that shook the world. It was no sin in young Washington, that he was loyal in word and deed to King George until he outgrew his former self, and then, out of very truth and loyalty, became the most formidable enemy the king had to deal with. Born to be the saviour of his country, it is of the highest consistency that he should be what he was in his youth and his earliest manhood. The most fatal inconsistency in Luther and Washington would have been in

their being consistent. If they had said, "I was and I am a Catholic monk, or a subject of the English king. I have said this and done that to show my devotion to the Church or my loyalty to the state; and, if I say these new things that are surging in my heart, I am inconsistent; or I am disloyal if I take open ground against this new measure of king and parliament. So I will resist these deep impulses, and be a good monk in the Church or a good subject of the king, as long as I live, and so save both my good fame and my soul." You will see easily how surely, by so doing, they had lost all; Luther, drifting down to posterity, damned as the strongest obstructionist of the Reformation; and Washington as the most eminent Tory of the Revolution.

Now, then, this to me is the true secret of the increase of Christ. Born with all those lofty and celestial qualities sown and planted thick in his soul; sure, in the good time of God, to be the Redeemer of the race, if he is faithful, — still he must as surely begin by being what he was born to be, — a Jew, with all the Jewish outlooks and limits, the narrow, Jewish intensity, and spiritual family likeness; as that, by reason of his more intimate nature, and the great influences of the Holy Spirit on his soul, he shall also finally stand first among the sons of God.

But, as in the lesser degrees of Luther and Washington, the true life, the perfect purpose, could only be fulfilled as they outgrew the local self, and took more universal and higher ground; so Christ grew to be Christ, by casting aside the old true self, and becoming the new true self, — by experiencing, in his own nature, the condition he laid down to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." John saw the intimations of this rising spirit, perhaps even before Jesus himself could understand what was the matter. It may be by many a marvellous touch and stirring of the great young soul, in the earliest days of cousinly intercourse; as the callow fledgling skylark prepares for soaring up into the very heavens, by innumerable flutterings in the nest. The keen eye, and clear, austere spirit of the Baptist detected the glorious premonition, and caught its meaning in this Messiah, and, rejoicing in the blessed promise, cried, "He *must* increase." And it would be a curious and interesting study for us, if I had time and space to trace, as I think we can trace, how much this vaster life and vision were consequent on the fierce struggles he had to plunge into, over and over again, that he might maintain some truth of God or some right of man, — that would suddenly rise up and overtop church and commentary, and the very order of Moses himself. But I must leave this,

and note the lesson that this increase of Christ reads to you and me.

And this, I think, meets us first of all, — that the loftiest souls this world has ever known, in the particular thing they were called to do for God, have had to force their way out of fences and fetters before they could stand on the true ground, and do the true work of their life. A Judaism of some sort is probably what we are all born to. It is useless to cite the long procession of instances, from Adam himself, fenced and fettered in Eden, to the last soul that has broken its way into freedom. I need only mention the fact to call up before you, men and women, in every rank and walk of life, for cases in point. I do not know of a church, so far, in which a child is born and bred, where he is not narrowed in. The latest form of the radical religious thought, is of course, too recent for us to judge what the men and women will be who are bred within its pale ; but I am only stating a fact, with no desire in this world to be harsh toward those that belong there, when I say, that the alternatives in the children of what we call the Channing Unitarianism are too often deep-seated and deplorable indifference, or sectarian narrowness. I judge, then, that this is some deep, sure tendency of life, — the child of God is always laid in a manger, because there is no room for him in the inn.

But then, because this is so universal in its reaches, it may be best. If Christ was born in it, and Paul and Augustine and Luther and Carlyle and Garrison, and a great multitude which no man can number, who stand before the throne continually, — I conclude that it is not only right that this should be so, but the best possible arrangement in the divine wisdom. So that the religious ideas we were born to, are the ideas we must hold on to, until God shall reveal some broader and better thing to our soul, and invite us or compel us into it.

It may be possible, after all, also, that the church in which I find myself, the forms of life and thought about me, are large enough for the utmost reaches of my heart and intellect. I suppose there were thousands of good men and women in Jewry in this time of Christ, who lived and died with no feeling that they were fettered ; for souls may range all the way from a tea-rose to the mightiest oak, and be very good souls too. So these men and women might be perfectly contented with their religion and church at the very time that Christ rose up in such a noble rage, protesting, defying, contending to the very death, in his deep sense of the wrong done in this very church to the truth of God, and, by consequence, to the souls of men.

And, friends, there is one thing I must not forget. If the faith we were born to, and still hold on to, — the faith of our fathers, — binds the soul down and fetters it; if it contradicts what has come later as a truth of God, and we, once well satisfied, are not satisfied now, but think, and think it over, with a mournful disaffection; if we have come to see that our faith narrows the ground of God toward human souls, so that the highest teachings of our Church are lower than obvious laws of life and God, — then, by all that is good on earth and in heaven, we must follow the bent and impulse of our best nature, as Christ did.

This ever-increasing pain, then, is our salvation. It is like the disaffection of Luther to Rome, of Washington to England, of Christ to Judaism; it is the beginning, — the spring-time of our increase, the day of our visitation.

The Jewish annals mention many false Christs who came before the true. And I think, sometimes, that perhaps they were not made for false Christs, but for true Christs. And they meant to be true: only the task was painful. They had imagined that to be the Messiah was to be counted and courted; was an office that would bring gold and good living, — a thing for which men would erect a statue and write a life and letters right away. They had never suspected that to be the Messiah was to fight the devil forty days running in the wilderness, — hungry, and to have nowhere to sleep; and to have one man say you were a glutton, and another you were a fool; to have your very home take up the public cry, and say you are all wrong; to be cast out of all men, and despised and rejected. So, when they saw where the Messiahship was drifting, they shrank back, and gave it up; and men cried out mournfully, "We thought it had been this man who should have delivered Israel."

But this young carpenter, standing at his bench, was simply faithful to the light that shone upon his soul. The voice said, Go out, and he went out; Say this, and he said it; Do that, and it was done. He could never have imagined, when he began his public career, that it would lead him into such open and hopeless antagonism to the dear old Church of his childhood. But he did *not* shrink back: he held himself open and tremulous to the slightest whispers of the divine spirit, with which his whole nature was identified. It led to fierce conflicts with wicked men; to lonely nights and sorrowful days; to cruel desertion and treacherous betrayal; to the saddest tragedy in human history.

He shrank back, shuddering, from the impending doom. He cried in his agony, "If it be possible, let this cup pass." It was not pos-

sible : it is never possible. Then the high soul rose up, and bore the fainting spirit and form, — *bore the cross*. And now he stands, the supreme, after God, in the universe, — the central soul in the realms of light. Men look toward him when the deadly struggle comes to them ; and women, in their unutterable sorrow. We think of him when we think of death ; and, when children are born, we remember how he loved them. If they leave us for the inner heavens, we think of him folding them there ; and ever he comes as the Saviour. Because, as God led him from summit to summit, his soul expanded as the horizon widened ; he was true to the law of his growth. God had no sunshine he did not want to feel, no revelation he durst not try to see, no work he did not try to do.

I want to say one word in conclusion. If this claim of the increase of Christ be true, then the spirit moulds the person, not the person the spirit ; and that which creates growth must always be greater than that which grows, though it may not be so obvious and satisfactory to most minds. In our nation, we have seen two great persons, — Washington and Lincoln. We know they did not create the spirit they stand for : the spirit created them, and they were simply the expression, — the Word of American nationality.

There was a time when it would have been counted infidelity to America to set another up beside Washington as the Saviour of his country : it is so no longer ; but the two now are set side by side. Indeed Lincoln's death-day, this year, was kept with far more observance in Chicago, than Washington's birth-day. So there are saviours of the world born into every time. — And, while I would hold on to the old saviours, I would also welcome the new, and yet count them all less than that which made them what they are, as I count Washington and Lincoln together less than that deep, inward, something we learned to trust in our years of darkness, when all else had gone by the board ; that which went into all homes and hearts, inspiring, persuading, creating, — which Lincoln himself always listened for as the very voice of God.

"It is not so hard to believe in God, if you are not compelled to define him," Joubert says. In my heart it is so with Christ. Let me alone, and all there is in me goes out to Christ in love and worship : but make this my duty, make me say so, — then I instantly take the alarm, and remember that he was but the word — the expression — of God, and to the life of humanity what either of the noble souls I have mentioned was to the life of our land.

In the preamble to our Constitution, we have made a cage without a roof. We were too free in ourselves to do more than that : others were too free to be content with that. And so all the winged ones

are escaping, because they would rather risk starvation, or to be eaten up by the kites, than not have the whole wide world to live in. I abide in the Church, because I love it with all my heart. I stand close to Jesus Christ, because hitherto, I know no other so great and good. But I belong to the spirit, because that includes all.

ROBERT COLLYER.

IN SUMMER.

L OITERING purples droop and dream,
Languid hazes glimmer,
Tortured by the sultry beam,
Breezes swoon and meadows simmer.

Tarry longer and receive
Summer's drowsy potion,
Mope and muse from morn to eve,
Without passion, without motion.

Forth, and snap the cunning fetter
Couched in alpine bower,
Thou shalt have thy senses better
Where cool-fronted mountains tower.

Hearts of men, 'tis said, beat surer,
In their lordly bosoms,
Simpler faiths spring, love flows purer,
Life comes out in fresher blossoms.

Seeking long in school and temple,
Yet no Master's eye
Lights thee to the high ensample
Faithful hearts must find or die.

Nature hides in fragrant places
Darlings of her own,
Crowns them with her secret graces,
Unfroaned by mart or town.

Eyries where the storms are fledged,
Tracts with granite shod,
Nurse a race to nature pledged
Homely souls that live with God.

— *From an Unpublished Poem.*

THE TWO RELIGIONS IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

UNDER the above heading, which is not meant to be "sensational," but simply descriptive of the purport of the writing, I propose in a few short papers to present the lines and groupings of thought that run out from, and cluster about, the two names, JESUS and CHRIST. It will be seen that the fundamental difference between the New Theology and the old is wrapped up in those two words and can be detected in their New Testament use.

Jesus, Christ. These are two names, not one. Nor are they the two names, the "Christian" name and the "Surname" of an individual man. One is the name of a man; the other is the name of an official. Jesus, the Christ, is the correct rendering. When we say, Christ Jesus, it is the same as when we say, Queen Victoria, King William, President Lincoln. The official name, "Christ," no doubt, signifies much more than the names king, emperor, president, or whatever titles of rank potentates may wear. It implies a superhuman nature, which they do not. But they also once implied a superhuman nature. In olden times the monarch was supposed to be more than a man or a woman. The oriental despots, the Greek kings, the Roman emperors, were regarded as heaven-born, children of the gods, demi-gods. Images of them were erected in public places; and in the temples divine honors were paid to them. Their very insignia, or banners and shields, were counted holy; and injury to their statues was a bad omen to the State.

In later times came up the dogma of the divine right of kings, supplanting the more ancient dogma of the kings' divine nature. The monarch, was reputed a man, but a man hedged about with divinity, and by a special divinity inspired.

All this is changed. Victoria is a woman, respected, loved, followed by curious regard, found fault with publicly by the press. Napoleon is reckoned to be no more than a man, and, by many of his own subjects no very admirable specimen of that. But while the name king, queen, emperor, sultan, president, describes a plain human being, the name Christ still carries with it the old mythological idea, still having about it the old mythological associations. The idea presented by the name Jesus is wholly inconsistent with the idea presented by the name Christ. The titles are in opposition; are mutually exclusive, and neutralizing. Jesus is the proper name of a man: Christ indicates the function of an angel.

Take up the New Testament. Note the occurrence of the two names, and their context of thought, all through; and it is soon re-

vealed that two very different persons are described under them ; two persons recognized by the writers as differing in nature, rank and office. The point is exceedingly obvious, and may, without the least attempt at ingenuity, be so put as to reach the conviction of the most unsophisticated reader. For the sake of clearness, we will take the two gospels that are most strongly contrasted with each other, by this very difference, the one in fact, excluding the other, I mean, of course, Matthew and John. Matthew is devoted to Jesus, John is devoted to the Christ. We will take first Matthew's description of the great Person who is the centre of the religion.

In all respects he is a Man ; all over he is human. His name is called JESUS. An elaborate genealogy traces his lineage to David, whose son he is familiarly called in the gospel. He is baptized in the river Jordan, along with other people who were drawn thither by the stern invitation of John, the last of the prophets. This act classes him with the multitude. Soon, he is singled out from the multitude by a special call ; as he comes up from the water a voice addresses him ; the dove spirit descends upon him. But this only sets the seal on his genuine humanity. For if he was the Word, why should the word speak to him ? And if he already had the spirit by nature, if he was an angelic spirit, or something higher, why should the spirit *come upon* him ? Jesus was called and endowed at the Baptism, as a mortal is selected for his work. The scene of Baptism is succeeded by the scene of Temptation, which, under any interpretation imputes to him a human nature, accessible to evil thoughts, vulnerable, if not vanquished. The story of the Temptation may record an actual experience, or it may not. Even if it does not, it records the conception of such an experience as a thing possible, and that, for present purposes, is enough.

Then, in due course, comes the spectacle of the Transfiguration. What does that mean ? If it means what the text says, it means that Jesus, in a lonely and critical hour passed through one of those experiences of deep transport, in which he was taken out of himself and bathed in the light of heaven. Visions of peculiar glory come to him ; the clouds that overshadow him, brighten ; the celestial voice is heard once more as in the moment of his first consecration ; the ancient lawgiver and the prince of the prophets hover near with strength and consolation, adopting him into their company, and showing him the approaching splendors of their line. Jesus never seems more simply human than on the Mount of Transfiguration.

It is unnecessary to repeat for the thousandth time, the touching facts of physical need and mental infirmity that are sprinkled over

the surface of the first gospel, the tone of human endeavor that runs through it, or the touches of human feeling that make it tender. All this culminates in the Crucifixion, which is a scene steeped in agony of mind and body. The way leading to the cross is wet with blood and tears. The thought of it turns the last supper into a funeral feast, changes the wine into blood, and makes the broken bread a bitter symbol of the body torn by ruthless hands. The anguish of that parting meal touches hearts, even at this distance of a hemisphere and a modern world. The Supper is followed by Gethsemane, with its terrible midnight loneliness, and its deathly fainting of heart. If the words are to be taken in any real sense, that "soul exceeding sorrowful even unto death"; that hastening to and fro between the weeping friends and the watching Father; that flinging of the heart upon heaven, in the sheer abandonment of earth; that thrice repeated prayer for release,—disclose a world of pure mortal anguish, which only escapes its true classification by being imagined as too great for mortality to endure; though no doubt mortality has endured such agony again and again. The agony is unmistakable human agony, and as such is portrayed.

This is the representation throughout in this gospel. Two or three things may be inconsistent with it; if they are, they serve to prove the rule by being palpable exceptions. But these inconsistent elements are not so irreconcilable as they seem. The virgin birth and the male pedigree from David do not, in our judgment, go together: but the virgin birth by no means conflicted with the Hebrew idea of simple humanity. A Hebrew might repeat the story of a man born from a woman alone, and not offend against the traditions of his nation. Were not other heroes of his race so born, and were they any more than men?

The wonderful works imply nothing superhuman in the person who is described here as performing them. In all Eastern literature we expect tales of marvel; and Hebrew literature would disown its genius and its parentage, if it did not couple them even with qualities that never would be suspected of exalting the wonderworker above the limits of manhood. As we read the narratives of miracle in the Old Testament, it is sadly manifest that in the highest popular regard, the thaumaturgist was not bound to be an angel.

The forgiveness of sins may seem at first sight to be inconsistent with an ascription of pure humanity. But is it? Does it not rather suppose humanity pure and simple? Christendom holds, I think, that it was the incarnation, the assumption of flesh, the taking on of human qualities, that made forgiveness possible. Frederick Robert-

son's sermon on "Absolution," claims it as good Church doctrine, that humanity is the absolver from guilt; basing the argument on the words of Jesus himself: "The SON OF MAN hath power on earth to forgive sins." The Son of Man on earth is the representative of actual men and women, whose pardon is asked for and accepted as divine. If then, Jesus, in his human capacity, was a forgiver, the power of absolution, instead of breaking his fellowship with his race, attests it.

One point more. Is there anything unhuman or superhuman in the anticipation by a great leader that through ages to come he will be the animating soul of his followers? Was there ever a great leader who did not indulge that dream? And the more simply human he may have been, the more deeply sympathetic and personal, was not his expectation the more vivid? If the words, "Behold, I will be with you always, till the end of the world," came out of the bosom of the angel, what words might be likely to proceed from the bosom of the man? Thus the first gospel devotes itself persistently to the man Jesus. The career and the being correspond. Human is the spirit; human are the experiences; human is the life, from beginning to end; plan, thought, motive, purpose, end, means, associations, are all human. Childhood and manhood are human; cradle and cross. Human is the consecration, the trial, the struggle, the transport, the rebellion, the resignation, the peace. Human within no ordinary limits certainly; but none the less, nay all the more, human.

CHRIST.

Open now the fourth gospel, and read, in connection with the first twelve verses of the second chapter of Matthew, the first ten verses of the first chapter of John. We are in the supernal heavens—in the bosom of God—at the start. This is the biography of the divine Logos who made the world and was in it before man came. He has no mortal pedigree, no temporal descent, no earthly parentage, not even a mother. He needs no vehicle to bring him among men. He "becomes a man," but he is not born. He is manifested, but so far from being produced, he is not even introduced. The first who beheld him, beheld him a developed being, "full of grace and truth."

As we scrutinize his person a little more nearly, we discover that his flesh is only the appearance of flesh. There is no substance to him. The body is a mask, which he can put off and on at pleasure. He goes about invisible. He presents himself to people who have seen him a hundred times, and are on the look-out for him, yet they do not know him when he appears. He "hides himself" in the

thick of a crowd thirsting for his blood, and passes untouched through the midst of them. He flashes himself into the public eye, and as suddenly is extinguished. An impalpable body he has, and yet palpable too on occasion, as when Thomas offers to touch it after the resurrection, though he does not touch it ; such a body as those Oriental people could imagine easily enough, if we cannot. There are no sensitive nerves in it. The flesh does not fail : blows do not hurt. There is no tottering under the weight of the cross.

We need look for no Baptism here, for we shall not find it. Why should we ? The spirit cannot receive the spirit. The Word cannot be spoken to out the skies. The heavens cannot open to him who "is in heaven." If a voice comes, as once later it does, "it is not for My sake, but for that of the bystanders." John said he saw the spirit "descending and remaining on him." He does not say that he was baptizing Jesus at the time, or that he baptized him at all ; baptism was a ceremony of consecration, and the Logos was the source of consecration, not its object. Find, if you can, any hint of a Temptation here: You may assure yourself in advance that it cannot be found. For a temptation there is no place, either in time, space, or the nature of things. The Lord of Creation cannot be supposed to have had a wrestling-match with Evil. He who threw on a cloak of human disguise, to cover his glory, while he did a particular work on the earth, cannot have had any misgivings in regard to the work he came to do, or any fear of besetting difficulties, or any unwillingness to undertake his task allotted.

In what chapter is there an account of the Transfiguration, or an allusion to it ? He that "is in heaven," gains no glory at the top of a mountain, to which he does not ascend, but to which he must have come down. He that "was before Abraham," and "one with the Father," could borrow nothing from Moses and Elias. The voice from the cloud would be but a feeble echo of his own consciousness, in the career of Jesus. The Transfiguration is a brilliant crisis of illumination ; it would be a condescension, at the best an unveiling of glory on the part of the Christ. With "the world" looking on, it might have been effective ; but the world cannot stand on a mountain top.

I repeat a familiar assertion, when I say that the gospel we are reading records no Supper of Communion ; no such supper at least as Matthew recounts. A supper is mentioned, but the writer studiously avoids identifying it with the Passover meal. There is no breaking of bread or pouring of wine, for the reason that the Christ is himself depicted as the Lamb who was to be killed and eaten. He could

not sit down to a Passover Supper, himself being the Passover sacrifice. He could not actually break his own body and pour his own blood into a cup. The evangelist's "supper" is put in rather as an emphatic declaration that it was *not* "the Supper," but a very different meal. It was meant to *answer* Matthew, rather than to corroborate him. The act of humility connected with it is exquisitely beautiful, but it is less an act of brotherhood than of celestial condescension; sweet, because done by one so high for these so low.

As we might conjecture, the garden of Gethsemane heard no cry from those lips, and took no tear on its sod from those kindly eyes. His long prayer of intercession finished, the great figure steps over the brook Kedron to the garden, there majestically to await his arrest. No word is spoken: he is hidden in the shadow of his own majesty. Out of this shadow, as the guard approaches, he looms, in his full superangelic proportions, and the armed men, amazed at the apparition, stagger back and fall prostrate to the earth.

Then comes the Trial, during which the Christ wraps himself about in the mantle of his glory, assumes the part of a king, and sets his foot on human empires. His superiority to all magnates is such that he does not think them great enough to despise. They are the mere tools of higher authorities, having no power but such as was "given them from above."

We now approach the final scene. The royal insults are rained upon an unfeeling form; the thorn crown is pressed on an insensible brow; the scourge resounds, but in the air. He majestically moves unflurried through the terrible pageantry of death. We must request the reader who wishes to appreciate the full contrast between the man and the angel, to compare the account of the Crucifixion contained in Matthew xxvii: 33-51 verses, with that given in this gospel, Chapter xix: 16-20, 25-31: and if he can rise from the comparison, feeling that the two biographies describe the same experience of the same person, he must, we venture to think, have a singularly constituted mind. The execution of Jesus is a scene of popular movement, noise, excitement: the passing away of the Logos is without circumstance or incident of note. For Jesus, the cross is an instrument of torture; for the Logos, it is a step to a heavenly throne. One beam supports a man in agony; the other lifts up a seraph before the gaze of the world. Jesus utters ejaculations and prayers; the Logos maintains a profound silence. Where Jesus pushes a shriek into the air, as of one abandoned by heaven and earth, the Logos, calmly looking down from his elevation, sees his mother and the beloved disciple standing near, and with tranquil words commends them one

to the other for life. With a loud cry, Jesus gives up the ghost. With a quiet remark, "It is finished," the Logos disappears. The death scene of Jesus is as real as the exodus of the Logos is artificial. At the former, the rabble behave as the rabble will at a public execution, reveling in the brutality of the hour. At the latter, there is no rabble present. The officials are like so many priests, assisting at a sacrifice. The very soldiers respect the garments of the dying God.

I might press the comparison further, but this is enough. I have shown that two distinct beings are portrayed in the gospels, under the name of Jesus Christ; and that each of these beings has a book exclusively devoted to him. One book gives the brief biography of a mortal; the other flashes on us a few glimpses of an immortal, in his passage across the stage. Questions of authenticity, genuineness, authority, I do not raise. A most tempting array of literary considerations I turn away from. I leave a mine of choice criticism unopened, the contents of which would greatly enrich my storehouse of arguments, were I dealing in arguments. But as my purpose has been to make a statement which the simplest might verify and appreciate, I rest the matter for the present, here.

These two opposite delineations cannot stand side by side in any chamber of history. The two portraits of Jesus have sometimes been classed as literary phenomena along with the two portraits of Socrates; the one given by Xenophon the historian, the other painted by Plato the philosopher. But the cases are not at all parallel. Plato and Xenophon both delineate the same individual in two separate, but by no means opposite aspects. Matthew and John do not delineate the same individual. Their views look in contrary directions. Plato and Xenophon both delineate a man, and their statements complement each other. Matthew and John, on the other hand, neutralize each the other's assertion, for one is contemplating a man, the other an angel; there is no common point to which their lines of vision converge. The comparison fails in another respect. Socrates was not the founder of a religion, or even of a philosophy. We cannot trace from him any such divergent lines of influence as might give to his double personality a broad historical significance. But in the case of Jesus it is history that comes in and accumulates evidence on the double personality, by ploughing the divergent lines clear across a field two thousand years wide. To these two names we trace two distinct religions, two distinct philosophies, two distinct theories of social organization. John and Matthew have each a long train of witnesses, bearing record till now. The New Testament streams have never mingled yet in the course of centuries.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

THE WOMEN QUESTION.

THE passage round the North Pole, and the sphere of woman have so long baffled explorers and philosophers, that it is evident this work is not given to man to do, or else some added force is needed for its accomplishment.

As the walrus probably knows all about that passage, — and if found it would be of little practical value to man, — why waste more thought in that direction? Having sacrificed the John Franklins and the Dr. Kanes to the hard fare, the long nights, the dreary solitude of that region, man would no doubt wisely decide that latitude out of his sphere, were he not blinded by an inordinate curiosity to see the size of the Pole on which the earth revolves; perchance to touch it, and set our planet whirling with such velocity that our days should be like a tale that is told. No doubt the Creator designed the walrus to watch and guard from Yankee interference this pivotal point of our hemisphere, until that period foretold by Alcott the philosopher, when the love element in the race shall be strong enough to melt the polar ices. Sages and philosophers have been equally unsuccessful in their explorations of woman's sphere. There is scarcely any subject on which men have legislated, preached, prophesied, poetized, written, sung, and felt, more than the sphere of woman, and yet they remain as befogged and bewildered as the explorers of the Arctic sea. When philosophers, who think, talk, and write profoundly, wisely and clearly laying down premises, and drawing conclusions that logically flow therefrom on all other subjects, and only when bounding the sphere of woman, are lost in mists, fogs, and quagmires, it is evident that here too is a region which man was never designed to explore. Were it not treason to the powers that be, for a subject to question a ruler; were it not heresy to limit the wisdom of the divinely constituted head of the church, the state, and the home; were it not a new and startling thing, a most audacious liberty, for mortal pen to bound a sphere for man; we might suggest that the field of his labor is already so vast and varied that he may safely leave the North Pole and woman's sphere to Walruses and Women, to describe for themselves. In the June number of *The Radical*, under the head of "Women in Society," we have, from the hand of an artist, a gorgeous painting, a new gilding and draping of the old idea of woman as the Queen of Society, with the parlor for her throne. This article is one of four sermons given in New York, in which the preacher has so evenly balanced the true and the false, principle and

prejudice, all opposing opinions on this question, in which his ideal woman was so delicately suspended in the air, with no visible means of support, that some of his hearers were left in painful uncertainty whether she would fall into the arms of the old civilization, or the new, or fit only for the companionship of angels, be translated at once into the heavens.

Says the writer, "Outside the domestic sphere, where woman reigns supreme, there is another sphere where her supremacy is equally admitted. That sphere is society, . . . the world of fashion, . . . men exist in it as a disfranchised class." Here is progress! Let the daughters of Eve clap their hands, and all be joyful together. Two spheres! Hereafter we shall hear of the *spheres* of women. A wheel within a wheel; the State and Federal governments in miniature; but whether in the inner or outer circle, there is a Governor or President without a key to the treasury? Ah! there's the rub: what is a woman in either sphere, without money to make her will law; and how can she get it without profitable employment, and a place in the world of work? Labor, independence, and virtue go together.

Woman supreme! while men plan all the houses, run up whole blocks without cellars, thin pipes for water and gas, that rats gnaw through (any way for speculation), keeping these spheres in constant turmoil with necessary repairs, and the Queen on her throne forever moving from place to place, while not one woman in ten thousand has a word to say in planning a house, a door, or a closet, but man regulates everything from a skylight to a cooking stove! With man in every creed and code, represented as the great central power of the universe, — the head of the family — whom women is bound to "obey," by the marriage ceremony and the interpretations, by cunning priests of Holy Writ; what folly, in view of all this, to talk of woman's supremacy anywhere. As society is primal, and laws, customs, institutions are the outgrowths of its accumulated wisdom or folly, we can only judge of the sovereign of society by the signs on these mile stones of progress. Thus viewed, man, so far from being a "disfranchised class" in this sphere, holds the important position of the tortoise with the world on his back. Let him step aside, the sphere is dashed to atoms; let him stop the supplies, the Queen is a beggar at his feet.

The writer further represents this world of fashion, "woman's world, where her control is omnipotent over both sexes," as ever changing and uncertain, outside the region of law and common sense. But amid all the changes and fluctuations on the surface, this world

is governed by a law as fixed as in the world of work or politics, and these very changes illustrate the law. To understand the world of fashion, let us analyze it. How is it made? Every class of human beings must have some outlet for its forces. Woman, having no voice in the state, no share in commerce, no place in the church, is compelled to concentrate her interest and enthusiasm on dress, society, fashion: shut out from the world of work, she lives on the bounty of man; hence to please him is the first law of her being. As her power is in most cases purely physical, she appeals to his senses. She goes to balls and parties with bare neck and arms for a deeper reason than because "fashion says so." Through her charms of person she holds man. A transient, evenescent power! hence the wail of man's faithlessness.

The great law underlying all the different spheres of life, is that law of attraction holding man to woman, and woman to man. Here is a relation, where, in the nature of things, there can be no real antagonism. Degraded, oppressed, wronged, outraged, cruelly and brutally treated, woman still clings to man for protection, because they are indissolubly one and the same. Our laws and customs, bad as they are, rest on the true idea, the oneness of the sexes. Our only mistake is that we fail to recognize the equality of that oneness. While the worlds of trade, commerce, and politics, have their special laws, man's inspiration in each and all is woman; he sinks into savagism without her; his relation to her is the fixed law that makes him noble and heroic in any direction. So in the home, in society, man is the sun of the social system, not a "disfranchised class." Woman does not dress for herself, but to attract him. These constant changes in fashion are not senseless changes; but just as a child is amused with a new toy, so woman pleases and captivates man by all these little freaks and arts of dress so exquisitely described by the author of *Woman in Society*.

Just as "women govern the world of politics," so men govern the world of fashion. Just as "measures which a statesman has meditated a whole year, may be overturned in a day by a woman," so may the efforts of women of sense to lift their sex into higher duties be neutralized by the opinion of a man. The literal meaning of such passages as the above is, that woman controls man, not by her enlightened views on the subject under consideration, but by an appeal to his passions.

The courtizans of Paris have reduced the passionate nature of man to a science. They understand the attractions of the luxurious parlor, with its soft seats, well-tempered light and atmosphere, the mys-

teries of dress and jewels, "and that evening hour when the cares of the day are over, and the warm artificial light excites the imagination and gives feeling predominance over the understanding, and the heart lies open." And this is the hour for woman's triumph; and such are the conditions for earnest women, whose souls are kindled with great questions of government, education, and social reform, to galvanize the consciences of sensuous men in their hours of relaxation into the high duties of statesmanship and philanthropy, "to shame magistrates to their duties, regenerate city governments, shut up dram-shops, and make social vice disreputable." In such surroundings, is the sovereign of society to mould the politics and religion of a mighty nation. While the author demands of woman a positive influence on all the great interests of life, he prescribes impossible conditions for its attainment. People are interested in those fields of labor where they work, not in those they are forbidden to enter. Men are amused with the gossip and changes of the world of fashion; but they have no enthusiasm, or permanent interest in it, and never will have, until they see that they are responsible for its belittling and demoralizing power on the women by their side. Women are amused with the excitement of men in politics, their sharp encounters in Congress; but they have no interest in questions of government, and never will have, until they too are responsible for the legislation of the country. While he would make the parlor the centre of power, he warns woman from the whole field of labor, where she can study man in his normal condition, — not mid the bewilderments of silk, satins, diamonds, and thread work, but where in common daylight she can gather the facts of life, learn its shame and glory, its trials and triumphs, its poverty and wealth, and the close relation between social virtue and national strength. Thus only can women secure a permanent power over man, and, in the sunlight of a higher civilization, walk by his side up and down the highways of life.

To make the parlor a power, a centre of attraction, a real permanent benefit, men and women must meet with common interests in the popular thought and topics of the day. If woman without this general knowledge, is to hold man a willing slave within four walls away from all outside amusements, clubs, campaigns, and caucuses, then to her level must he come at last. How oft the hope of a noble manhood, with laurelled brow, high in the shining walks of life, has been wrecked by casting anchor, with light craft, in shallow seas like this. But if, on the contrary, in spite of all bewildering arts, man feels that he has duties to the race, his country, and himself, and goes forth to the outer world, while woman at home draws closer to

the narrow sphere of self, they part, their paths diverge, and seldom meet but on the low plane of appetite ; then beauty, grace, silks, jewels, luxury and elegance are turned to emptiness and gall, and the parlor without man is solitude. Ah ! who can number the victims of *ennui* that daily perish within the slowly narrowing walls of these gilded chambers of death, called home !

Just as the clergy have become a happier and more useful class of men, by coming down from the sublime heights of speculation about the future, to think and talk and preach on the every-day interests of life, thus giving us a more rational and genial theology ; so will women have more common sense, health, and happiness, when their power and place are recognized in the great world of work, and will give us more rational codes, customs and costumes in the world of fashion. Luxury, elegance and seclusion are not the conditions of knowledge, virtue and strength. As the rose with excessive cultivation becomes a monstrosity, and with all its beauty and fragrance, loses the power of propagation ; so do these men and women, who in wealth and refinement, separate themselves from their species, cease to influence the lives and opinions of the masses.

"This movement towards the legal enfranchisement of women seems to be at the same time an argument for her dethronement from the pedestal she occupied. This disposition to drag her up out of her disabilities is accompanied by a disposition to bring her down from her exaltations ; this demand, that she be admitted to the fields of labor, appears to be associated with the feeling that she is to be a mere worker."

Mr. Frothingham clearly sets forth in this article the utter failure of woman on the pedestal she now occupies. He shows us the barrenness of our social life ; the parlor with all its elegance and pomp, desolate and forsaken ; and the Queen of society, without sceptre, crown, or throne, running here and there for amusement or dominion. He paints us a dark, sad picture of vacant womanhood, and sensuous manhood, in the present isolation of the sexes. In view of what he says, and what we all know of the facts of life, it is difficult to see what he means by "dethronement." With her present disabilities, an Ishmaelite in politics, a cypher in the church, an out-cast through poverty or vice from society, or a mummy in it, crowded in the world of work with a few half paid employments, if such is, and has been, the condition of women in all ages, why fear to change "exaltations" such as these for freedom and equality everywhere. For a fair day's wages ; for a fair day's work ; for a place in all the profitable and honorable walk of life ; for codes that shall secure

women in her rights of person and property ; for Constitutions that shall no longer class the mother of men with minors, criminals, paupers, lunatics and idiots ; for a power that shall open colleges, make the press and pulpit respectful, and place the ballot, that great regulator of all our interests, political, commercial, religious, educational, social, and sanitary, in the hand of every woman. Ah ! kind sir, woman may with safety come down from the solitude of these eyries on the barren rocks, into the rich valleys by your side for substantial benefits like these.

It is in these "exaltations" the birds of prey devour the young and heedless : in this ideal world that cunning hands weave nets for tender feet, and winding sheets for loving souls. Remember ! oh fathers and husbands, it is from the gay and fashionable throng that vice recruits for her palsied ranks its most helpless victims. By a sudden turn in the wheel of fortune, to-morrow your wife or daughter may stand face to face with the stern realities of life ; when she too must work or perish. "Give a man," says Alexander Hamilton, "a right over my subsistence, and he has a right over my whole moral being." If to earn one's bread with brain and pen and tongue, with chisel, brush, or poetry and song, in the professions, trades, or politics, if to be "mere workers" is "dethronement," let me and all come down. History clearly shows that the disfranchisement of any class has been uniformly based on the idea of inferiority, of unfitness to govern, and it shows, too, that such classes have been as uniformly neglected, inferior, and degraded. That the enfranchisement of woman is the grand step in her elevation is difficult to prove because, it is a self-evident proposition, and no objecter has been able to make an argument on the other side. If women are disfranchised because as some claim, they are too pure and holy to take cognizance of civil and political rights, why, if they are above the governing classes, have we no codes suited to their exalted position ? Are laws made for the lower stratas of the race suited to these queens of the moral universe ? The laws at this hour for women in many States of the Union are nearly parallel with those in slavery, and yet men tell us that such laws are the outgrowth of respect, and that in rolling off these "disabilities" there is danger of losing honor and power.

No one of common sense claims that manhood has been endangered by an extention of rights, by laws for his protection, and on what principle woman has more honor and power without political rights than with them, no one has yet been able to explain. Do you find that women have less self-respect, and men less chivalry, in those States, where they have already taken onward steps in their legisla-

tion for women? With a knowledge of the science of government, of republican institutions, and with a direct voice in establishing liberty, justice, and equality on the earth, what "dethronement" can there be for woman, who to-day in practical life is the foot-ball of male assumption from Greenland to Cape Horn? With the key to wealth, education and power in our hands, do you tell us the golden gates of life will not roll back as readily to our "open sesame," as when we were beggars, and outcasts at your feet, or as ideal Queens, without a crown, a sceptre, or a throne? Underneath the customs of ages, deep in the human soul is the law of our being, struggling ever with the transient facts of life, towards the realization of the ideal, the beautiful, the true. It is this dim perception of woman exalted in her motherhood, the soul of our social trinity, as she will stand supreme, when we at last compass the laws of our being, that many of our best thinkers now substitute for the facts of life. The artist illustrates this idea in that beautiful conception of Beatrice and Dante, where the true woman, on a slight elevation in all her native purity and beauty, stands self-poised, looking upward as if to draw inspiration from the great God of truth, while man on a lower plane gazes on her with a chaste and holy love, and thus the poet tells us by the law of attraction, woman draws man upward and onward through the Hells to Heaven. It is this ideal woman our poets, artists and scholars now worship, and guild with their own rich fancies the Queens and thrones of our social life. When we talk to men like these of the degradation of woman, they ignore the facts around them, they scout the barbarisms of custom as relics of a darker age; their own creeds and codes as a dead letter, and the wait of womanhood as the unsexed gibberings of those cut loose from the moorings of social life.

"I insist that outside the home, the becoming characteristic place for women, who have the means, the leisure, the conveniences at hand is society." And by society, Mr. Frothingham means the "social world," "which includes dress, manners, polite customs," "which is the World of Fashion."

If there are men ready to enter this world, to devote themselves to dress, manners, polite customs, to be "masters of the noble arts of conversation" with no other profession, calling or life-work, but to talk, read, and travel, with the women by their side; and if this class of persons are safe against all the changing fortunes of life, are above all interests in politics, the world of work, or the fields of benevolence, I see no objection, as far as the living, moving world of ordinary mortals is concerned, to the lofty isolation of these people in

this world of fashion. I insist, however, that if women are to live in that world, there must be a class of men to concentrate all their thoughts, and forces, there also. If women are to live wholly to please men, there must be men ever at hand to be pleased, lest the women perish for lack of something to do. The gentleman might *insist* on keeping gold fish in a glass globe, without changing the water, but the fish might die through his obstinacy. Why may not women labor and yet think, work and yet be refined and cultivated as well as men? Margaret Fuller earned her own bread. She was a worker, yet "mistress of the noble art of conversation."

In demanding the ballot, and a place in the world of work for all women, we do not propose to take the Harriet Hosmers and Rosa Bonheurs, the Elisabeth Brownings, and Charlotte Brontes, the Maria Mitchells and Caroline Somervilles, from the fields of art, literature, and science, and shut them up in a workshop, nor to take the satellites of dinner pots and cradles and set them whirling in some unknown spheres. Such are the figments of man's brain. He fancies his puny legislation makes woman, and keeps her in her sphere. That her love for him is based on some old statute, and the maternal instinct on the State Constitution.

He fears, if she had the right to say who should be Town Trustee, or President, she would spend her life in clubs, campaigns and caucuses; that with the right to make laws, judges, jurors, she would spend her days and nights in making briefs, and reading musty codes, forever in the forum or the court.

"Of women teachers, such as they are, there is no lack. Of women philanthropists, there are enough. Of women reformers, there are quite enough. For the present, a sufficient number of women lecture and preach." Horace Mann, one of the best educators in the country, said women were better teachers than men. If Mr. Frothingham speaks as a political economist, and knows that the supply is greater than the demand, that we have more teachers than children to be taught, as I have not read the last educational reports, I cannot refute his assertion. But when he says we have enough women like Dorethy Dix, Clara Barton, or Lucretia Mott, to rouse public sentiment on the deplorable condition of our prisons; to exalt the heroism of our soldiers as in the late rebellion, or to preach a purer theology to souls darkened with the superstitions of our times, I question his judgment. When Anna Dickenson decides that it is wise for her to give up lecturing at two hundred dollars a night, in order to talk nonsense in a parlor, for nothing, and beg her bread the next day, it will be time to consider that point.

It rather transcends the province of one public speaker—a reformer, a philanthropist, a preacher, to warn his compeers from the rostrum, the pulpit and the whole field of benevolence. While men talk to bare walls and women to crowded houses, may we not trust the judgment of the people? while some men cannot be heard in small houses, and some women are easily heard in the largest halls in the country, it will remain an open question whether the masculine voice excels in oratory. It is a grave responsibility for one man to decide for fifteen millions of his countrywomen what they may and may not do, especially as women themselves have just come to the sensible conclusion to do whatever they can, and able men in both hemispheres say amen. Americans talked and legislated a long time on the sphere, capacity, cranium, and heel bone of the sons of Ham, but they never dreamt his place was by their side, until one frosty morning in January, 1867, Ham settled the question himself by taking his seat in the Legislature of Massachusetts, and in May of the same year, Lucretia Mott and O. B. Frothingham discussed theology on the same platform, in Boston, to the profit and pleasure of their hearers, and it was not reported in the daily journals that at any of Mrs. Mott's periods, the President had occasion to call her to order.

"The effect of educating boys and girls together, or men and women, as is the case in the Normal School, is, we are told, to destroy the sentiment of romance, which naturally exists between the sexes. The intellectual rivalry puts all tenderer feelings to the rout, the masculine and feminine peculiarities are canceled in the struggle for rank. The same effect attends the companionship of men and women in work." Which is simply to say in the words of the old proverb, "familiarity breeds contempt." Shall we annul marriage because in most cases it ends the "romantic sentiment," and in that relation men and women often treat each other with disrespect and indifference? Shall we separate brothers and sisters because they are rude and quarrelsome with one another? Are the "tenderer feelings" never "put to rout" in the jealousies and dissensions of domestic life, nor in the petty rivalries, heart burnings, and backbiting, in the ease, selfishness, and vacuity of the world of fashion?

If the sexes cannot meet in the school, in the workshop, in the professions, without detriment, how can they meet with benefit in the parlor? If the male element is so demoralizing everywhere else, how is it so congenial here? If the feminine element is so captivating, so charming, elevating here, why is it so powerless in all the world beside? The "peculiarities" founded in nature cannot be

"cancelled" by any of the accidents of life. Whatever difference in sex is vital, we may trust Nature to preserve. We are told God made man, male and female, and put them in a garden side by side, not one in a cloister and the other in a nunnery, and he told them "it was not good for man to be alone." No doubt it took from the romance of Adam's life to see Eve all the time. To have dressed himself in fresh fig leaves and gone to some strange bower now and then would have heightened the "sentiment of love." But in Paradise, as in the great garden of life, there was work to be done, and God knew that the stimulus of all the faculties, in the union of both elements, was needed for its accomplishment. In the present isolation of the sexes, we get an excess of what is called the "romantic sentiment." When men and women seldom meet, they are not in their normal condition when they do, hence they do not have a legitimate influence over the judgments of each other, in the practical matters of life. Life is not made up of "tender feelings."

In the struggle for bread, wealth, fame, and character, all the cardinal virtues come in play. Judging from much of the statesmanship, legislation, philosophy, and theology of our day, man has other faculties that need stimulating beside his sentiments; some new "intellectual rivalry" to brush the cobwebs of tradition and prejudice from his eyes. When with woman by his side, man is ready to base government, religion, and social life, on justice, freedom, and equality, we may safely trust their "tenderer feelings" to find outlets, in higher, holier channels than any in which they have yet flowed. The likeness of men and women furnishes a powerful argument for the same education and place in the world of work, and the difference furnishes a more powerful argument still, for as there is just that physical difference necessary to the preservation of the race, so there is just that spiritual difference necessary to the vitalizing of thought. Hence in the education and elevation of woman, I see the growth and full development of the grand ideas enunciated by man in the ages, hitherto cold, barren, and speculative, because not met by the faith, hope and enthusiasm, of a true womanhood. But when she awakes to the poetry of real life, and sees the beauty of science, philosophy, and government, then will the first note of harmony be struck, then will the great organ of humanity be played on all its keys, with every stop rightly adjusted, and with louder, loftier strains the march of civilization will be immeasurably quickened.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

DEATH OF CAPT. SARMIENTO AND LIEUT. PAZ.

THE American public has been so little in the habit of turning its attention to the details, or even to the important events of South American current history, that the merits of the war of the allies against the Paraguayan tyrant are little understood. I say Paraguayan tyrant, because it is eminently against the tyrant that the war is waged, and not against the people who by his defeat, would be released from a barbarous and demoralizing bondage. English and French writers, and even one citizen of the Argentine Republic, Alberdi by name, who resides in Europe, but who cherishes the most malign hatred toward his home government, have given false views of the nature of the conflict, and have even justified the tyrant, as if he was defending something worthy.

The fact that the Brazilian forces are those of an Emperor, is made the most of by these parties to disparage the cause of the Allies, but Don Pedro II, though an Emperor by title, is a noble individual, interested in the cause of good government, and in no way a tyrant, but a sincere friend to the Argentine Republic, and apparently incapable of that jealousy which makes even England, with all its boasted love of liberty, the friend of slaveocrats and despots.

The conflict with Paraguay is singularly destructive from the nature of the country. Paraguay is somewhat isolated, and surrounded by dense woods and pestilential swamps. It is almost impossible to penetrate these to attack the fortifications to which the tyrant has withdrawn, since his repulse on Argentine territory. Thousands of the allies have perished on this Chickahominy, and the destruction of horses was complete in the swamps. By the help of England, who seems always to take part against the cause of liberty, Lopez had been able to strengthen himself with forts and materials of war, of the best construction, and quality, but so completely has the nation been isolated for more than a quarter of a century, his policy being that of making it entirely independent of the world, that no one outside knew that he was preparing for war, nor can the extent of his resources be ascertained, but now that he is wholly cut off from communication with the outward world, it seems only a question of time how long he can hold out against the allied forces of Brazil and the Republic.*

* Since the above paragraph was written, the Argentines have withdrawn from the conflict because advantage was taken by the Western provinces of the state of war to rise in insurrection against the general government. But its sympathies

A pamphlet entitled "Revelations of the Paraguayan war," was lately published in New York, by the Argentine Minister, Col. Sarmiento, though issued without his name on the title-page, as he did not wish it to appear to be an official document ; it explained the true nature of the conflict, and the false pretensions of Lopez. Paraguay was originally a Jesuit colony, and governed on the principle of a community of goods, no one holding individual property — except indeed the Jesuit authorities, who held and administered it all. When they were expelled, it passed out of their hands into those of the tyrant, Dr. Francia, who ruled it for thirty years on the same principle, and he was succeeded by two Lopez, the last of whom still lives. With the wealth he accumulated, and at the expense of a suffering nation whom he governed like a flock of sheep, he prepared himself to make war upon his neighbors, probably having the sagacity to perceive that he might turn to his own advantage the anarchy and confusion he could disseminate by throwing them again into internal war.

The allied forces of Brazil and the Republic pledged themselves not to lay down their arms till Lopez was rendered powerless ; at the same time both the Emperor and the Argentine rulers *bound themselves not to interfere with the sovereignty of Paraguay*, but to give that state a new chance to become a true republic and home of liberty. This noble element of the strife should be recognized by our Government, which it is hoped will not interfere with its proposed mediation without consulting fully with the able and patriotic minister, Col. Sarmiento.

Some of the noblest of the Argentine youths have fallen in the unhappy conflict, but none seem to have touched the heart of the nation like the two whose deaths are now announced.

Capt. Sarmiento had been educated step by step by his distinguished father till he entered the University, and was a proof of what education, grafted upon a gifted and noble nature, can do for man. He had fulfilled and even surpassed every hope that had been centered in him. Indeed, there was a precocity in his development that threatened to make him a man before he was a boy. The sad experiences of his country were reflected in his somewhat pensive countenance. At fifteen he was admitted into society, the favorite of the old, the most attractive of persons to the young, distinguished by the esteem of fine women, of statesmen and of literary men. At eighteen he was in correspondence with Ventara de la

are still with the Emperor of Brazil, who has persevered in his first intention. The insurrections at Mendoza, headed by men who were always adverse to the good of the people, have inflicted incalculable injury upon those remote provinces.

Vega, a Spanish poet, in reference to a criticism he had made upon that poet's tragedy of Cæsar.

In South America, a degree at the University is essential to obtaining any professional position, and Capt. Sarmiento was just completing his studies, after which he intended to come to North America to reside with his father during his official life here.

The speeches made on the occasion of the funeral of these young men show that the Argentine nation regards this as a war of humanity and not of conquest. These impassioned utterances of his friends and fellow students, and also of distinguished citizens over the bodies of their youthful idol who was looked upon as a hope of the nation, as well as of his friends, can hardly be rendered by a translation. Nor is it possible to quote them all in this article. One was by D. Hector Varela, son of the first martyr in the last war against Rosas, who had been assassinated because he would fearlessly utter his convictions that Rosas was a tyrant, and that his self-imposed title of Restorer of the Laws, meant only that he endeavored to bring back the old order of things that existed under the Spanish rule. He was a highly cultivated, noble minded man, who edited a journal in the interests of the people and their cause at Montevideo. His sons begged the privilege of laying the body of Capt. Sarmiento by that of their father.

All ranks of citizens, from the highest to the lowliest, sympathized, and among these latter were the children of the schools Sarmiento's father had founded, who vied with each other to express their estimation and their sorrow. Even ladies of distinction followed the bier on foot, strewing the crowned head with the choicest flowers. He was buried together with Lieutenant Paz, who fell in the same action at the taking of Fort Curupaiti. Lieutenant Paz was a still younger man, son of the Vice President, and was a distinguished soldier in the early part of this very war, in which he was severely wounded.

Dr. Avellaneda began the addresses with an apostrophe to Varela :

"Shade of Varela, arise ! The wave of blood which bore you from our sight has continued to cast new victims upon the shore. These are your sons in martyrdom and their country's cause, and it is your privilege, greatest and most illustrious, of our dead, to lead them to the bosom of God.

"Many times we have removed this soil to confide to it beloved remains ; what a succession of inscriptions upon the old flag-stones ! Our funeral task to-day brings us the victims of conquest, but as in those former days of fearful tribulation, we feel that it must end in victory. Such nobility and generosity breathes in the country of the Argentine.

"It is still your earth, O God, though the martyrs upon it still weary the steps of those who bear them to their graves.

"To-day we come with hearts torn as never before, bearing the most precious of our blood and restoring to heaven the purest of our souls.

"Francisco Paz was the admiration of our youth, for a courage superior to all dangers.

"Domingo Sarmiento was a part of our life ; with him we had associated our highest hopes, believing him to be destined to all that is glorious. After once listening to his vibrating voice, the memory of his form was ever present to our vision ; and an instinctive curiosity and a secret fervor of the heart bound one to his footsteps. With difficulty we turned our eyes from that countenance — from that aspiring gaze, which seemed to behold a good not to be found on earth. He will find it in heaven. The boy who felt the call of the hero burning in his veins has died for his country. Shade of Varela, arise ! You alone are worthy to present the new martyr to God."

We omit the lament of a youthful friend who would not bear the blow and was ready to impugn heaven for the loss.

D. Hector Varela, son of the patriot, said :

"The echo of the profoundest grief and deepest sadness would be a weak expression of the sorrow that weighs upon the hearts of those who surround this tomb, which has withered our hopes, and stealing from us a world of illusions, has robbed us of a blessed life.

"A life !

"There is no more life in the unfortunate Sarmiento. His was a dream ; it was the life of a dew-drop, the tear of the morning which the sun dries up — the life of the flower which withers in a day — the life of the bird which announces the spring, builds its nest for a moment upon our roofs, and carries his song to other lands because he cannot behold the death of nature under the winding sheet of winter. This is the life we mourned. He dreamed, he lived, he sang, he died ! He was like one of those illusions, those hopes, born of infinite love, of ineffable happiness, of unblemished glory, which the first days of our passion promise us, when the innocent soul opens upon life, but which vanish at a touch, as we crush in our fingers the butterfly's wing which has charmed us in the meadow. Yet this life, so short, so fleeting, which ended in the blood of the martyr, has left a void in our world. This youth whom we have lost forever had a gigantic soul, and till yesterday was the pious guardian of a beloved mother, and one of the noblest and most smiling hopes of the Argentine Republic. He leaves us in despair. We grasp the stones of his tomb, but the voice of his genius will not answer us ; we move the ashes of his body, but the spark of life will not kindle again !

"The biography of Sarmiento is short, but full of beauty. Tender, affectionate, he was gifted with all the grand sentiments that ennoble life. This is why such grief oppresses our hearts. God gives to great souls alone the reward of being so wept! In a few moments we shall have left him reposing by the side of another martyr, whose ashes are perhaps stirring with satisfaction on receiving the companion whom his sons lay by his side.

"Young, almost a boy, beloved, full of glorious promise and hopes, surrounded by friends who loved him like a brother, with a mother by his side whose heart would fain have been a shield to ward off the shafts of death; followed by the applause of the world; inspiration in his mind, love in his heart; possessed with the desire to do battle for the right; felicity in his future, to which life beckoned him on with so many enchantments, and while love smiled upon him, with so much at stake, before the sharp thorns of earth had pierced him, and with a crown of flowers suspended over his temples which throbbed with lofty thoughts, the cold hand of death snatched from the mother her loving son, from the legions a valiant hero, from the Republic one of the men destined to render it most illustrious, from his friends a part of their very souls.

"Sarmiento! May the tutelar genius of my father, by whose side thou reposest, watch over thy tomb."

Dr. Lopez followed Varela:

"Behold two youths, branches of their country's tree, cut down by the axe of the most sinister and ruinous war that ever fell upon any people.

"Sarmiento and Paz, personifying the chivalrous and generous spirit of the rising generation, have just laid their tribute of blood upon the altar of their country, with the tranquil resignation of boyhood.

"These victims are also the tribute of blood drawn from the Spartan hearts of two fathers, whose rare self-abnegation and patriotism take the first rank in the hierarchy of the Republic.

"While the cares of state rested upon the shoulders of your Excellency, Senor Vice President, and upon those of your representative to the Cabinet of Washington, Col. Sarmiento, your dauntless sons scaled the walls of Paraguay, where they fell, enveloped in their blood and in the folds of their country's flag, a worthy testimony to themselves and to the noble patriots to whom they owe their lives. Many might envy the lawful pride of the fathers of such sons, but all will feel the dead loss of such precious lives, while not a ray of light penetrates the gloom of this tempest of blood.

"The Furies who require this tribute, the stupid enemy who strikes

at the hearts of our mourning families, send us from time to time these sad relics with which to people our graves and our hospitals. If this hecatomb has not yet fulfilled the debt of patriotism, which consists in the salvation and preservation of country, we trust to Providence and to the wisdom of our government that the present catastrophe shall be the last we shall have to weep over by the side of the grave.

"How many hands would be raised like a hymn of thanks to heaven, if this spectacle were but a dream, from which mother and sister could wake to press again to their bosoms the beloved beings with whom have fled the last illusions of their lives.

"We have no consolation for these desolate hearts except that it is the religion of duty, of sacrifice, of expiation. The hearts of a mother and a wife are worth all the glory in the universe. Glory is a word whose echo dies in the silence of these graves. It is as cold as the breath of death in whose precincts we stand. It is the *ignis fatuus* of paganism, which grows pale before the sepulchral light fed by the Christian's faith. It is the vanity of vanities, which sacrifices thousands of lives for the false shine of a word which they can no longer hear. It is the fountain of most of the calamities and misfortunes of the world, while men forget that there is no glory like that of being a true Christian.

"All countries have their hour of trial. Ours is the supreme task to rescue a brother nation at the price of our own blood. Beginning with Christ, no redemption has been effected without the sacrifice of the redeemer. The Argentine Republic is to-day the Christ of Democracy crucified in the Golgotha of Estero Bellaco.*

"The sacrifice of man for man, that is to say, the redemption of one people by another, as Venice has just been redeemed by the hand of Prussia, is the grand principle of Christian solidarity which has united in one bond of love and family all the nations of the earth, for it was pagan antiquity that called the stranger by the name of *barbarian*. Christianity makes the human race of one family.

"The names of Sarmiento and Paz, so distinguished in the history of our people, are now sealed to our veneration by these two youthful victims, who have been sacrificed to the defence of their country.

"His Excellency, the Vice President of the Republic, and Colonel Don Domingo Sarmiento have given to it the first fruits of the ripeness of their talents, the indefatigable activity of their lives, and the blood of these beloved sons; the latter parent, by his absence, losing the last sad privilege of bidding adieu to the dead.

* The seat of the war.

"If the friend lives in friendship, if their lives are the continuation of the same being, let us appease the *manes* of the sons, by the adieus of the fathers and of the noble youth of Buenos Ayres, in whose mourning hearts these victims leave a void with the indelible memory of their virtues and their intelligence.

"As a son, this youth was something sublime. Not content with speaking of his mother with all the eloquence of his heart, and that sweet respect which we all owe to her who has warmed us in her bosom and fed us at her breast, Sarmiento labored to make her existence happy, devoting all his earnings to her comfort, with a disinterestedness which God will reward in the serene mansions of the Just.

"As a friend, Sarmiento was a model of self-forgetfulness and enthusiasm. As a man and a citizen, this silent tomb speaks to us of what he was capable. Son of one of the athletes of Argentine liberty, he inherited from his father the manly vigor of those who learned in the school of proscription, the art of fighting and dying for the dignity of their country.

"Faithful to this inheritance and this worship, when he heard the wild cry of the first victims of Paraguayan barbarity, the boy abandoned the halls of the University, closed his books, embraced his mother, hastened with an angelic smile to bid his friends adieu, folded the wings of his genius, and flew on pinions of hope to the field of battle.

"The destiny that awaited him there you know. In the words of the poet, 'he died singing, at the mouth of the cannon.' As a writer he was inspired only at the fountains of truth and justice. He never sang of tyrants who fill history with brilliant crimes, but of the end that awaits the crime.

"The wings of his imagination did not hover over the sepulchre to raise whirlwinds of ashes from the dead; but they soothed the cries of misfortune, and wiped away its tears, and shed a consoling hope into the hearts of the oppressed.

"Incapable of envy or of any low or ruinous passions, wherever he found merit he gave applause; wherever he found love of liberty and justice, there were his heart and conscience."

Our space will not allow us to give all these tributes of affection and estimation to their hero and poet. The youth of the Republic have been kindled and cultivated by their appreciation of our struggle with barbarism, and we can do no less than to endeavor to understand and sympathize with their kindred struggles.

E. P. P.

A LETTER.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 13, 1867.

EDITOR RADICAL.

DEAR SIR.—For two weeks past, a discussion has been in progress between Rev. B. F. Foster, pastor of the 1st Universalist Church of this city, and Rev. J. Hogarth Lozier, pastor of Asbury Chapel (M. E.). Subject: The final destiny of man. Proposition: Do the Bible and Reason teach the Doctrine of the final Holiness and Happiness of the entire Human Family. Mr. Foster affirmed and Mr. Lozier denied. Second, Do the Bible and Reason teach that any part of God's creatures will be punished eternally. Mr. Lozier affirmed and Mr. Foster denied. One week was spent upon each proposition, closing last night. The discussions were held in Morrison's Opera Hall, and were attended each evening by audiences full as large and intellectual as were ever assembled in this city. That the debate has excited great interest, is evidenced by the size and character of the audiences, as well as the general and excited discussion of its merits to be heard in every circle of our society.

I confess to have felt but little interest in it when announced, and predicted but small results. In part, I have been agreeably disappointed. Whatever troubles the waters of religious conservatism, and stirs the stagnant pools of Orthodox thought, must do good.

This the debate has done. A thorough ventilation of the Bible proofs, pro and con, on the subjects discussed, has been had, and the faith of many of the Saints has been shaken in the Scriptural basis of their creeds heretofore thought to be invulnerable. Dr. Foster is one of the ablest classical and biblical scholars in the Universalist connection, and every prominent text in the Bible that proved his doctrine was brought forward and used to the best possible advantage, while the arguments of his opponent were criticized and ventilated in a most able and ingenious manner, forcing the doubt upon the minds of hundreds who thought they had not doubted before. On the other hand, Mr. Lozier fortified his position by such an array of Scriptural testimony as made the very temple of Universalism tremble visibly with the consciousness of those who base their hopes of its truth in the testimony of sacred writers, and they were fain to flee for refuge to the firm pillars of reason. Nothing was more obvious to the thinking, unprejudiced mind than that the antagonistic dogmas of universal salvation and eternal damnation can both be sustained by the Bible, and with about equal weight of testimony.

Herein consists the weakness of Universalism, viz., its tacit acceptance of the Bible as the word of God, hence unquestionable authority on all theological questions. Dr. Foster opened the discussion by laying down three fundamental propositions. 1st., The Universal Paternity of God. 2d, The Infinite Wisdom and Foreknowledge of God. 3d, The Justice and Mercy, or Humanitarian Sentiments of God. These he backed up by analogies drawn from nature, and the experiences of man, as well as by philosophical deductions, scarcely referring to the Bible during his first speech. At the close of this speech, Universalism was triumphant. At once, however, his opponent pronounced the whole speech but a tissue of Infidel sophistries, and like a skillful tactician, he flanked the Doctor and drove him into his Bible defences from which he was wholly unable to escape during the contest. In every instance of his attempt to occupy the plains of reason, the cry of "Infidel," "Infidel," would be shouted in his ears until he was glad to retreat behind his Scriptural earthworks, where in safety he could apply the match to his old fashioned *cannons*, and hurl destruction into the ranks of the enemy, in the shape of exploded bomb-shells, filled with fossilized dogmas. This gave the whole affair the character of a mimic fray, real and dangerous enough to the combatants and their immediate allies, whose eternal destinies hung upon the issue, but highly amusing to those whom untrammelled truth has made free.

T. A. BLAND.

HOWEVER valuable may be the priesthood of transmission, it is certain that Jesus had none of it. He came eating and drinking, talking, working, dining with Pharisees and Publicans, making himself the friend of Samaritans and sinners, making wine for the marriage, and violating all Levitical laws concerning the Sabbath, ablutions, and distinction of meats. His priesthood was plainly meant to be wholly different from that of Aaron. It lay not at all in conformity to any habits or usages. It was original throughout.

This entire separation of Jesus from all the old ways has never been adequately recognized. It is one of the most amazing facts in all history, — this radicalism, so thorough, and yet so quiet. It ran below the root of all institutions, and yet never sounded a trumpet before it, proclaiming, "See, all men, what a Radical I am!"
— *James Freeman Clarke.*

BIAS OF THEOLOGICAL METHODS.

NEANDER says "It is impossible to proceed at all in historical investigation without some presupposition. We cannot entirely free ourselves from presuppositions which are born with our nature and which attach to the fixed course of progress in which we are ourselves involved. They control our consciousness whether we will or no ; and the supposed freedom from them is in fact, nothing else but the exchange of one set for another. Some of these pre-suppositions springing from a higher necessity, founded in the moral order of the universe, and derived from the eternal laws of the Creator, constitute the very ground and support of our nature. From such we *must* not free ourselves. But we are ever in peril of exchanging these legitimate sovereigns of our Spiritual being for the prepossessions of a self-created or traditional prejudice, which has no other than an arbitrary origin, and which rule us by better title than usurpation. The work of Science can only be to distinguish the prepossessions which an inward necessity constrains us to recognize from such as are purely voluntary."

All theological methods applied to the history of Christianity have then their presuppositions. But whether a theological method involve *bias*, and be justly chargeable with bias, depends upon the character of its presuppositions. Are they such as "an inward necessity constrains us to recognize," or are they "purely voluntary"? are they universal, employed in historical inquiry in general, or special, used only in a particular province of history.

The method of some scholars employs the presupposition that Jesus is "the son of God," in a sense which cannot be predicated of any human being. This belief is assumed as the right attitude of mind in which to "approach the contemplation of the life of Christ." The presupposition is plainly of the class that springs from "traditional prejudice, which has no other than an arbitrary origin." It does not exist in the mind of man in general, but is found only among the comparatively small portion of men who have been educated as Christians, and it is not universal even among these, but would be rejected, *as a presupposition*, by the greater number of intelligent students of Christian history. It is worthy of notice because Neander's "Life of Christ" is avowedly based upon it, and because where it is not avowed it is employed, and because it produces a powerful bias towards the supernatural and miraculous view of the origin of Christianity.

A presupposition more common is *that miracle is necessary to prove*

the divine origin of a religion. This presupposition is so far from being one of those which an inward necessity constrains us to recognize, that it is not adopted even by all who believe in miracle. There is nothing in the nature of the human mind, which requires the supposition of the necessity of miraculous evidence for the divine origin of a religion; there is nothing in the moral order of the universe which confirms it. On the contrary, the more the intellect of the race is developed, and the better the order of the universe is understood, the less natural does the presupposition become, and the less consistent with the divine modes of operation does it appear. Spiritual evidence becomes more satisfactory, than evidence of the senses. Order is felt to be a better proof of divine agency than disorder.

The presupposition in question produces bias in favor of the Christian record of miracles, and against all other miraculous records. For if miracle be necessary to prove the divine origin of a religion, then unless some miraculous record be true, we have no assumed revelation of divine truth. The mind does not easily resign itself to the loss of divine communications, and is thus exposed to a most powerful bias in favor of the authenticity of some account of miracles. The natural preference being for one's own religion, to believe in any record of miracles is, for the Christian, to believe in the Christian record. But in order to be of value as evidence of divine revelation, miracle must belong to one religion exclusively. Admit miracle in other records than the Christian, and it ceases to be a proof of divine revelation in Christianity. The mind is thus biased against other miraculous records than the Christian, and the evidence of miracles in general religious history, is seldom fairly considered.

The presupposition that miracle is necessary to prove the divine origin of a religion being arbitrary, and productive of bias, is not improperly styled *dogmatic*, and the theological method which employs this presupposition is not unfairly called the *dogmatic method*.

The main presupposition of other scholars is, *that the divine agency in Christian history has probably been exerted in accordance with the divine modes in general history.* This presupposition is one of those which an inward necessity constrains us to recognize, and nothing can prevent us from recognizing it but special training in the belief that Christian history is exceptional in character. It is found in all minds which have reached a certain grade of intelligence: for those who believe in the miraculous origin of Christianity, admit for the most part that the fair presupposition in the case of any special history is that the divine agency in it has probably been exerted in accordance with the divine modes in general history. This presuppo-

sition is of the same nature with those employed in general science. In Geology, e. g., it is presupposed that special phenomena of the earth's crust have probably been produced, not by forces different from those since and at present in operation, but by the same forces which are now and always at work.

This presupposition has no tendency to produce bias. Under its influence Christian history is investigated according to the same principles which we employed in all other historical study. Christian evidences are judged by the same rules as other evidences; Christian precepts are tried by the same standard as the precepts of other religions.

This, to be sure, appears like bias against Christianity to those who are accustomed to treat Christian history with partiality. Mrs. Childs' "Progress of the Religious Ideas," one of the rare examples of fairness in religious inquiry, was pronounced by a clergyman to have "a great deal of special pleading in it."

The mother who is partial to one of her children thinks people have a spite against her favorite, if they treat him as they do his brothers and sisters.

This presupposition is thought by some to involve bias against records of miracles. But there is no bias in assuming the probability of law. It is simply fair to assume as probable that the events of a special history have been in accordance with the processes of history in general. Bias consists in applying to some special department of history principles and methods not employed elsewhere. Now in all history but that of Christianity, the improbability of miraculous events is a fundamental principle. Bias appears not in applying this principle to Christian history, but in not applying it.

The presupposition now under consideration is of the class of the necessary and universal. It is *scientific*, and the theological method which employs it is properly called the *scientific method*. The term involves no boast and admits of no dispute, for the method to which it is applied is simply the method of science applied to Christian history.

It sometimes happens when an important work is to be done, that every individual of a company thinks his own plan of operation to be the best, but that all unite for their second choice upon a plan suggested from without their circle. In this case the plan approved by all apart from personal bias is likely to be the best. The Hindoo, the Mohammedan, the Christian prefers in the investigation of the history of his own religion, the dogmatic method in theology, but in the study of other history, all unite in preference of the scientific methods.

HENRY W. BROWN.

PROGRESS.*

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT PROBLEM.

READER, whoever you may be (and you will forgive me if I do you injustice), I take it for granted that you are neither better, nor worse than myself. I know neither your age, nor your fortune, nor the rank which you occupy in the world. But I am almost sure that you possess a love of the good, and some propensity towards evil: many correct ideas and a tolerable amount of prejudices: a good deal of benevolence at the bottom of your heart, and a little leaven of hatred and passion. You have toiled, and struggled, and suffered, somewhat, and yet you have known some delicious hours when you have exclaimed that "Life is good." You know a little of everything, yet the sum of your acquirements is almost nothing, in comparison with the things of which you are ignorant. Passion, Calculation, and Reason, lead you by turns, and yet it sometimes occurs that you sacrifice your most evident interests to the happiness of doing good, and it is so that you maintain your self-esteem. In fine, my friendly (or unfriendly) reader, you assuredly do, at intervals, that interior work to which I devote myself to-day. You separate yourself from pleasure, from business, from all those tumultuous nothings which deafen the human reason, and alone, in face of the Unknown, you seek, groping in the dark, a solution of the great problem.

Happy or unhappy, all men pass through this experience. The excess of afflictions and the satiety of happiness conduct us by different routes to this obscure cross-roads, where the busiest men stop short, in spite of themselves, bury their faces in their hands, and revolve with terror, an interminable litany of why and wherefore.

How have I fallen upon this clod of earth? Whence comes man? Whither is he going? What is the object of life? And first of all, has this career between two nonentities an object? Am I born for myself alone? Or, for others? Or, others for me? What ought I to do? What is due to me? What is this moral bond which attaches me to a family, to a country, and perhaps even to the whole human race? Whence proceed these obligations, which have often tormented me? These laws, which enchain me? These governments, which master me and cost me dear? This society where we are all heaped up, as though designedly, one upon another? Were those who preceded me upon the earth happier than I? And will those who are born a hundred years hence, live better, or worse? Ought I to bless or curse the lot which has caused me to live to-day instead of yesterday, or to-morrow? Does the world move from good to better, or from bad to worse? Or, does it only revolve in a circle? Was it decidedly an evil to be born?

* By ED. ABOUT. Translated from the French by HENRY B. BLACKWELL.

Nine times out of ten, man, exhausted, bewildered, a prey to all the hallucinations of lassitude and fear, sees a noble, gentle, and gravely smiling figure descend from the sky. "Shut your eyes," she says, "and follow me. I come from a world where all is good, just, and sublime; I will conduct you thither, if you wish, through the paths of earth, to make you enjoy eternal felicity. Let me place over your sight a bandage softer than silk; in your mouth, a bridle more savory than ambrosia; upon your forehead, a yoke lighter and more brilliant than royal crowns. At this price, you will distinctly see the mysterious principle and the supernatural end of all earthly affairs; you will forever escape the anxiety of doubt: sustained in your fatigues, consoled in your sorrows, you will advance with certainty through virtue to happiness. I am FAITH!"

Reader, if you are one of the nine who have arisen to follow the winged vision, I neither complain, nor blame you. But it is not for you that my book is written. I have especially thought for the tenth—for that proud, that unhappy man, who prefers to grope on through arduous paths, and to search with his gaze the gloomy shades, rather than to accept affirmations without proofs, and hope without certainty.

It is to him that I come on foot (never having had wings) and clad like all who labor here below. I do not bear upon my forehead the phosphorescent aureole, but I have lighted a little lamp at the hearth of human science, and I will try not to let it become extinguished on the way.

Without dragging you, even in thought, beyond the limitations of Life, I hope to show an object—progress; a path—labor; a support—association; a provision for the journey—liberty.

Follow us for a moment, if you will; perhaps you will not regret the journey. As we travel together, I will show you the consideration which man owes to man. I will outrage nothing which you revere. I will even refrain from denying what you hold to be true.

The school to which I belong, is composed of positive spirits, rebels against all the seductions of theory, resolved to take account only of demonstrated facts. We do not contest the existence of the supernatural World; we only wait until it be proved and we shut ourselves up as to a new order, within the limits of Reality. It is there, in a clear horizon, dispeopled of all smiling apparitions, or menacing phantoms, that we seek to use the opportunities of a humble condition and a short life.

Theological systems, from the grossest Feticism to the most enlightened Christianity, all place at our disposal a complete and absolute solution of the great problem. But there is not one of them which does not begin by exacting *an act of Faith, i. e., a partial abdication of human reason*. We, who speak to the world, in the name of the world, have no right to make any such demand.

In accepting the law of affirming nothing without proofs, in interdicting ourselves from the resources of hypothesis, we condemn ourselves more than once to give solutions as incomplete as the Science of our time. But natural solutions, notwithstanding this capital defect, have one advantage

over others. They can be accepted by men of every country, climate, and religion. We have seen the most sublime dogmas seek in vain to establish themselves in certain latitudes. The infinite variety of races and civilizations cause the earth to be subdivided between a multitude of religions, or of doctrines purely metaphysical. For this reason, it was perhaps not useless to seek for a system of rules, purely practical, which the absence of all dogmas and of every supernatural element would render acceptable to Christians, as well as Musselmén, to Deists, as well as Atheists.

CHAPTER II.

THE GOOD.

AT Paris, as at Bombay, every man who reasons, knows that, unless by a miracle, or in other words, by a supernatural fact, no single atom of matter can either begin, or cease to exist.

Take a cubic centimetre of distilled water weighing a gramme : you may displace, dilate, contract it, transform it from the liquid to the gaseous, or solid state, decompose it by the galvanic pile, recombine it by the electric spark : yet experience and reason unanimously declare that this particle of the inorganic world, so readily transformed, so easily metamorphosed to our sight can never be annihilated, and has never been created, by any natural force. It is necessary, either to recur to supramundane hypothesis (from which we have interdicted ourselves at the outset), or else to believe that all the elements of which our sphere is composed, exist and will continue to exist to all eternity.

On the surface of this inorganic globe, the only one which we can study close at hand ; there has appeared, for some thousands of ages past, a phenomenon, new, complex, and terribly fugitive, called Life. This is an imperceptible efflorescence of brute matter, a microscopic modification of the most minute pellicle : to say that the one hundred millionth part of the earth is organized under animal or vegetable forms, one would greatly exaggerate. An observer, stationed in the moon, and supplied with the best optical instruments, would be unable to discern any symptom of Life, here below : so small an item is organized matter in comparison with the total mass !

But, if it be impossible for us to perceive by our senses, or even to conceive by our imagination, the origin, or annihilation of a single molecule of matter, we see, on the other hand, and comprehend very well, that all life begins and terminates. The aggregation of certain simple bodies under an organic form, appears to us like a happy accident of too short duration. It seems as though all the forces of nature were in a conspiracy against the living being, this privileged character of a few hours ; they reclaim and recall incessantly each one of the atoms which he has borrowed, into the common stock.

Life only sustains itself by a struggle of every instant, by a continual rep-
aration. The most robust plant, or animal, maintains the combat for a few years, and then lies down in death.

Science proves to us that the time was, when organized life was absent and even impossible, here below. Ages on ages must have elapsed, before a gaseous mass, detached from the atmosphere of some sun, could cool down to the point of permitting life to exist. The plants and animals of the primitive Ages could no longer live to-day; the earth has already become too cold for them. The day will come perhaps, when Man himself will enrich with his last bones, the great collection of fossil species. But we have some time still before us, and if it were demonstrated that only a thousand centuries remain to us, we could none the less, employ them for good.

But what is *good*? Aside from all metaphysics, you see clearly that the lowest of plants, even if it be badly grown, knotty, deformed, and poisonous, is still a thing more perfect and better, in an absolute point of view, than a hundred million tons selected from the universe of inorganic matter. Organization the most incomplete and defective is a good, which all the treasures of brute matter could not balance for an instant.

And if the plant in question add to this first merit all the qualities which constitute, so to speak, vegetable perfection; if it be healthy, beautiful, large, vigorous; if its stem is a magnificent timber, if its flowers gleam with the richest colors, if its fruit perfume the neighborhood; the combination of so many advantages would augment the value of so happy an organism. No one could deny that the appearance of such a tree upon the earth would carry with it a considerable sum of good; that its life was deserving of long duration, that its death would be an evil.

Supposing that there were no other organism on the earth's surface, but this plant alone, it would be good that it should prosper and multiply, that no accident should arrest its development and reproduction, that the brute forces of matter should never prevail against it.

But now, behold a new phenomenon, which all minds will unite in declaring superior and better, whatever the diversity of opinions may be as to its original cause. An animal is born. The animal, like the plant, is a combination of simple molecules, of inorganic materials. It draws its body from the same stock, it will return it to the same mass after death. But the matter now takes upon itself new properties, special attributes, a complete set of positive qualities. Between the cedar tree of the garden of plants and the miserable wood-louse which creeps at its foot, the hierarchical distance is great; this little crustacean is placed much higher in the scale of Being than his majestic neighbor. This is an organism which goes beyond an organism eternally immovable; an organism which sees is above an organism without sight. The constituent elements of these two unequal beings are almost the same, as the steel of a sledge hammer and the steel of a watch spring proceed from the same mineral; but the properties of the one are much more delicate, refined, and precious, than those of the other. Organization has ascended in grade when it has passed from the plant to the animal. In doing so, it has made *progress* — that is to say, an increase of good on earth.

The existence of a lizard is, absolutely speaking, better than that of a wood-louse. The animal is more complete, better endowed, more finished.

It possesses a vertebral column and lungs ; it has red blood. Matter, more refined in the lizard, is endowed with somewhat greater sensibility.

Ascend still higher, and tell me if the sum of good is not notably increased in the world, on the day when red blood circulates, for the first time, in the veins of a bird ? What progress ! Inorganic matter, after a slow process of refinement, sublimates itself, if I may say so, and takes wings.

Under the action of one, or of many causes, which metaphysics still seek to define, Progress has appeared to take place all alone, here below, for some thousands of centuries. In other words, good (or existence,) has spontaneously increased in quantity and quality on the surface of this globe. If you get a geologist to relate to you all the shapeless and monstrous attempts which served as a prelude to the birth of the mammifers of our epoch, you seem to be witnessing the heroic struggles, the angry gropings of Life assuming more forms and more disguises than Proteus, for the purpose of remaining mistress of the world and escaping the dissolution which reclaims each molecule of all bodies. You see her ascending a step at a time, and all at once from lower to higher ; multiplying organized beings, sowing germs by handfulls, but always refining and subtilizing matter, and never despairing of producing her definite master-piece ; *the organism which thinks.*

This long drama, broken by eruptions, earthquakes, and inundations, which have for more than twenty times changed the aspect of the scene, enters a new phase, the day when Man appears upon the stage. Whether he was hatched by spontaneous generation, or formed by a supreme refinement of matter in the cellule of the animal immediately inferior, is a question of slight importance. Certain it is, that between the great apes of Central Africa, impassioned and intelligent, and the first men naked, unarmed, ignorant, and brutal, all the difference consisted in a degree of perfectibility. History shows us well enough that hundreds of ages have been required to enable this most perfectible of animals to develop his intelligence and to regulate his relations by Reason. Even to-day, in the year 1864, of an era altogether recent, you will still find, in the centre of Africa and in some of the islands of the Pacific ocean, men who feed upon each other like wolves or pikes ; men who, in facial angle, in volume of brain and in intellectual faculties, still stand on the level of the gorilla, or nearly so. Those are the laggards of the army. But, dating back from the advent of the first men, the unconscious forces of Life have found in our species an active auxiliary. This latest comer and best endowed of all Beings has been, from the start, associated with that work of universal amelioration which, up to that time, had proceeded all alone.

All beings tend to live and to reproduce themselves ; in other words to preserve their individuality and their species. The first men, in this respect, resembled other living beings. The Individual, to whatever kingdom he belongs, subordinates everything to his needs, effaces, or destroys everything which inconveniences or menaces him, and assimilates with avidity all which can preserve him. Each organized species does all which it can

to conquer the earth and to people it for itself alone. Hence it follows that our ancestors have had some rough battles to fight, some vast destructions to accomplish. If we still need to take some precautions to prevent France from being covered with injurious plants, and Paris from being devoured by rats, you may judge of the labor requisite, when the ferns were thirty feet in height, and when the animal to be pursued into his holes was the wild bear of the caverns. No doubt, the carnivorous beasts, our predecessors here below, were able to live for some time upon this herd of human intruders; before being the hunters, we have been ourselves the hunted.

We were not the better armed by Nature; we had a hand better constructed and a brain more highly developed, that was all.

If I could only resuscitate the poor antediluvian, whose jaw M. Boucher de Perthes has discovered! This contemporary of the Age of Stone, who lived amid formidable animals, with no tools, or arms offensive, or defensive, than a roughly carved flint stone, could give us curious details concerning the foundation of the human dynasty. His testimony would prove, I am sure, that we do not reign solely by right of birth.

But, hunter or hunted, conqueror or conquered, man has always been the master and legitimate possessor of the earth. No certain evidence obliges us to believe that this domain has been given to him by supernatural authority, but it is certain that our creation has been the result of the supreme effort of Nature, and, as to her new order, her last word. No other living being has the organs of thought so developed, so perfect, so indefinitely perfectible as the worst among us. The existence of the meanest of men has more value in itself, in an absolute point of view, than that of all plants and all animals. The astonishing organism, which is the consummation of matter, and which produces ideas, is a good, beyond comparison, superior to all else; to it, we may immolate, without scruple, all inferior beings.

The humblest animal, or vegetable existence will always be a good; but it is impossible that all the species of plants and animals should multiply indefinitely upon the earth; we know, on the contrary, that the animal can live only at the expense of plants, or other animals. It is necessary therefore, to subordinate, or even to sacrifice, all secondary interests, to the greatest good of all; to that which is evidently the final end of nature, if nature is conscious of her object. But what is the ideal of Progress? the maximum of Good to be desired here below? It is that Life shall attain in quantity and quality the largest limits of possibility; the earth bearing upon its surface as many men as it can sustain; all men as perfect and happy as they can be. This object is paramount: To approximate it, all things are permissible; no acts, which tend to this, can be adjudged bad upon the globe, or elsewhere. This is the only occasion where the end justifies the means, because the means cannot, in any case, do injury to any one. Thus, the sovereign good, humanly speaking, that which each of us can pursue without scruple in passing over the whole domain of nature, is the perfection and happiness of man.

The perfection to which man can aspire, if not attain, consists in the com-

lete and harmonious development of his whole physical and moral being. That which would combine in him, in a just equilibrium, health, vigor, and beauty of body and soul would be perfect. But it is terribly difficult to develop the physical and the moral being, those two sides of the human personality, without the one being sacrificed to the other. The man who subordinates his soul to his bodily appetites, approaches the brutes; he who destroys his body by degrees, in order to advance the progress of his soul, is already more than half a fool. The true sage is he who does not despise good under any form, and resolutely devotes himself to increasing it, both in and out of himself. Health, strength, and physical beauty, are very real advantages, inferior to some others I admit, but which deserve to be highly valued.

Happiness is the vague and delicious consciousness of the good which we have realized. It is the dial which marks in us the degree of relative perfection which we have attained. That which does not transform itself into happiness in the depths of the human soul is not progress, is not an enlargement of being, is not a conquest over nonentity. Sickness, fear, constraint, ignorance, want, and, in a word, all negative things and such as attest a physical or moral imperfection, correspond necessarily with suffering.

The sum of happiness was almost nothing, here below, when man was little more than a subordinate officer of the Future in the grand army of Apes. We have become less unhappy, day by day, in proportion as we have become less imperfect.

The natural hierarchy of our faculties extends to all human affairs; it applies to happiness, as to perfection. As the brain is superior to muscle, as science is superior to mere brute force, so is the happiness of learning, of teaching, of living conformably to justice, above simple pleasure. Pleasure, or the happiness of the senses, is not despicable in itself. It is the sign of flourishing health and natural need satisfied. We can seek it honorably, provided it is injurious neither to ourselves, nor others, and not bought at the expense of suffering, or degradation of any human being.

But the true lover of good, without torturing his body by useless rigors, will assign to his efforts a higher object than pleasure; to work for progress, or to augment the patrimony of Human Society.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU who kindly dost provide
 For every creature's want!
 We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
 For all they Goodness lent:
 And if it please thee, Heavenly Guide,
 May never worse be sent;
 But, whether granted or denied,
 Lord bless us with content. — *BURNS.*

SOCRATES AND CHRIST.

IT is observed by the elegant author of Fitzosborne's Letters, that "thinking is one of the last exerted privileges of the cultivated" — rather, it is an act which most of those deemed cultivated never know; they, as well as the mass of men, being governed by ready-made ideas or phrases. We are inclined to hold that they who are not taught to think are not educated intellectually at all; and they who fail to cherish a truth-loving disposition as more precious than the whole sum of positive lore, have yet to learn the alphabet of real moral training. "You may rest satisfied," says South, "that what is nonsense upon a principle of reason will never be sense upon a principle of religion." I might add, that whoever abjures the guidance of reason in religion, by that very act surrenders himself to the guidance of folly. Even among the schoolmen, who, as Guizot and others have shown, set an example of free inquiry in theology, there were those who grasped the sentiment more or less distinctly — the disciples of Abelard, in unison with the prevailing tone of his own instruction, having required to know, with what he taught them, the philosophical arguments by which it would be supported. The demand for proof in connection with the teachings of Abelard was a no less memorable protest against the principle of authority in the earlier period of Scholasticism; than a trait well befitting the disciples of a speculative thinker who, in his treatise quaintly entitled "*Sic et Non*," recommends doubt as leading to investigation and truth. "*Dubitando enim*," says he, "*ad inquisitionem venimus; inquirendo veritatem percipimus*." In such a spirit we approach our historical parallel, Socrates and Christ. The Christians of the first centuries, the fathers of the church, were more liberal in such comparisons, and we will follow their example. We affirm that it is permitted seriously to compare the son of Phænarete with the son of Mary — the man Socrates, with the man Christ Jesus, and if possible to show that, if the system of typical theology — the doctrine that there are persons who bear direct reference to the Highest, "the Son of Man," — is at all permitted, we recognise here, if anywhere, a true type of Christ. Regarding the early history of both great men, we know, unfortunately, too little of that of Christ, in order to carry through a comparison on these fragments. But there are some points. The one was the son of a sculptor, the other was considered to be the son of a carpenter. Both belonged to the class of the artisan. At the birth of Christ, magicians came from the east to worship him; and it is recorded that a magician coming from Syria to Athens predicted the violent death of Socrates. (Diogenes L. ii. 45.)

The manner in which they called their disciples reveals a striking similarity. When Jesus came to the sea of Galilee, he found two brothers, Simon and Andrew, and said unto them, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. And immediately they left their nets and followed him." When Socrates, on a certain occasion, passed through the streets of Athens,

he met in a narrow lane Xenophon, placed himself in his way, asking the question, "Where one might obtain a good dinner," and having received a reply, he further inquired, "Dost thou also know where good and noble men are trained?" Xenophon blushed, being unable to give a reply. Socrates said, "Come, follow me, and learn it." And henceforth Xenophon became his faithful disciple. And Nicodemus, who came by night to Christ, being in fear of the Jews, reminds us of Eukleides, who, under considerable danger, came by night from Megara, in order to converse with Socrates. Furthermore their public appearance, and the manner of their teaching, bear a strict resemblance. Christ taught on the sea, at the well of Jacob, in the temple, and the hall of Solomon — Socrates taught also in the market, the *leykeion*, the *Kynosarges*, the hall of Zeus the deliverer — both teaching in the simplest parables and proverbs the most sublime truths; for it is everywhere a sure sign of genius to represent the highest truths as something to him plain and simple. And both great teachers were also the friends of children, and loved to be with them, the one in his own house, the other in the great house of his father, the friend and teacher of all. Both have likewise influenced mankind more by their life than their doctrine, especially insisting upon moral improvement, and what they taught they also practised, and were more strict towards themselves than others. Socrates declared repeatedly "that he taught not so much by his words as by his life and conduct," — and with Christ life and doctrine were identical. Both taught by word and deed, that pure truth could only be understood by a pure heart. "He," says Socrates, "who will approach the Divine, and comprehend the primary cause of all things, must first purify his soul from all passions." The wise men in all ages placed at the head of all others this great truth, "Elevate thyself through purity of heart; through purity obtain the pure, for right actions are the preparatory step to right knowledge." Socrates was not capable of miraculous deeds in the sense of Christ, but something of magical power we also recognize in Socrates. It is recorded of Christ that a certain woman, who had an issue of blood twelve years, by simply touching the hem of his garment, became whole, because virtue had gone out of him; and of Socrates, testifies Aristides the following: — "I never learnt much of Socrates, but made always some inward progress, if coming in contact with him, if only in a house with him, more if in a room, but mostly when I sat at his side and touched him." (Plato in Theages, p. 279; compare Symposia, p. 375).

And likewise both men had, against the custom of their days, intercourse with persons, whose character and conduct was entirely foreign to them. Christ once conversed with a sensual woman of Samaria, and revealed to her his divine mission — and Socrates visited the handsome Theodota, and taught her in his ironical manner, how she might best conquer the men. (Xenophon, Mem. III. 2.) Certainly the sun is not spotted by shining upon the good and the evil, upon pure and impure waters.

We recognize again in the doctrines of both a surprising similarity. It is unanimously accorded to Socrates, in contradistinction to the maxim of

antiquity—that it was just to give every one his due, good to the friend, evil to the enemy, to surpass the enemy in causing injury; the friend in doing good—that he taught: “To do good to the friend, and change enemies into friends, rather suffer wrong than do wrong.” Only one step further, or rather draw the consequences of these precepts; and we arrive at the “love your enemies” which Christ commands. Again both men expressed almost in similar words the great truth, and verified it in their lives: “that one must in the conflict of divers calls and duties rather obey God than man,” though the adherence to it should endanger our earthly life.

A whole series of sayings ascribed to Christ, are also applicable to Socrates. Christ said of himself: “The world hates me because I testify that their deeds are evil,”—and Socrates might say of the Athenians: “You hate me because I prove that your whole system of life and government is pernicious and wrong.” Christ testified that he sought not his own glory, but the glory of God, who had sent him, and Socrates would say, that he did not seek his own glory, but that of Apollo, whose words he was called upon to verify. He also might say, that he had known the truth, and that this knowledge had made him free, but that the Athenians had not understood his language, and hence could not bear his words. Furthermore the whole power of personality of both teachers and their irresistible eloquence is recorded in almost the same words. Aristoxenes testifies that he never met with any one possessed of equal powers of persuasion to Socrates, or who at all resembled him, more especially in the more dispassionate moments of his life. Alcibiades asserts by Plato: “The whole man Socrates—though outwardly plain and rough, is inwardly the very opposite—in a poor shell the noblest kernel.”—*The English Leader*.

THE TWO TEMPLES.

THERE was a people once, by wisest counsels steered,
Who temples twain to Virtue and to Honor reared.

Excepting through the first,—they stood so, wall to wall,—
No man within the second one could get at all.

As forecourt unto Honor's temple Virtue's stood.
“Through merit praise is reached,”—such was the moral good.

An age did those two temples thus together stand,
And all was noble-toned and prosperous in the land.

But long ago did Virtue's solemn temple fall;
And Honor's shrine, profaned, is open now to all.

[From *Alger's Oriental Poetry*.]

NOTES.

BEYOND what many expected, the "Free Religious" movement of Anniversary Week has had its awakening influence. It has gone into the camp of the Universalists, and brought forth Rowland Connor. The soundest man, perchance, in that entire "household of faith"; nevertheless, with the taint of free religion upon him, he became a fit subject for liberal dissection. "Not sound, now," was the verdict of the *legal* jury. "Was he *sound* when he came?" one demanded. "Dr. Such-a-one testifies that he examined him in January, and thinks he was sound then," one replied. "And Dr. ——— thinks he was sound as late as February!" quoth another. Universalism has had no such profound agitation for half a century.

But we did not look for a like awakening in the "Camp of Israel." *The Israelite*, however, furnishes such a report. *The Messenger*, a Chicago publication, says, "It appears to be the fortune of our Cincinnati co-religionists to enjoy the rare distinction of having two ministers who are uneasy in the Jewish pulpit, and are anxious for fame." This is a thrust at Dr. Lilienthal, whose discourse in Mr. Vickers' church, we published some months ago. *The Messenger* also says, "We defer remarks until Dr. Wise feels disposed either to discountenance the honor thrust upon him, as a director of the 'Free Religious Association,' in company with radicals of all complexions and sexes, or to declare himself forever emancipated from the thralldom of antiquated religion, and a bold professor of the new faith."

Dr. Wise, Editor of *The Israelite*, quoting the above, replies with so much warmth and vigor, as to quite surprise the Gentile world, which has all along supposed that no disturbing influences could touch the fortunes of Judaism. We place below a portion of his remarks. The reader will not, of course, look for the display of "Christian forbearance" among our Jewish brethren.

"To tell the truth, we did not know exactly whether we should accept the directorship in that association, whereas our time will not permit us to do much for it; but after we saw the remarks of *The Messenger* on the matter, we instantly directed a letter of acceptance to the secretary of the association, because we are morally certain that every person or thing which *The Messenger* decries, is worthy of every good man's support.

"It is natural that an association of liberal men who intend to analyze the theological assumption of the popular creeds, and to do it in strict accordance with scientific principles — should be decried by Christian conservatives who dread "the overthrow of the traditions, dogmas, and usages of Christendom." But that a Jew should

be stupid enough to raise the mad-dog cry of infidelity at the heels of men who declare their intention to fight the battles of truth ; that a Jewish editor should clamor along with those who see the divinity of Jesus and the veracity of the Gospel writers put in jeopardy, is so uncommonly absurd that it can only be accounted for by the malicious desire to throw suspicion on the Cincinnati co-religionists.

"We wish the 'Free Religious Association' the best of success, and promise to do all in our power for the progress and final triumph of truth. We are willing and desirous, in all matters of religion, to abide by the legitimate results of philosophy, science, and criticism. Fanatics and ignoramuses ask more, or rather less ; honest men must exclaim with the prophet, 'Thou shalt give truth to Jacob.' Truth is costlier than tradition. Truth is God's seal, and the foundation of the Universe."

We clip from another column of the same paper the following :

"The mission of this organ of Judaism is a holy one. It advocates progress and reform within the pale of Judaism, on account of the established verity, that Judaism must accommodate its forms to the spirit of the age, or become a superannuated system without influence on our rising generation, or on the intelligent portion of the community. It expounds the universal elements of religion, in preference to the accidental and local appendages, on account of Israel's messianic mission, and the firm conviction, that these elements are to be the religion of future humanity, the redemption and the salvation."

MR. BEECHER has recently been considering the subject of "debts," but in such a manner as to occasion much respectful alarm among many of his old church associates. Here is a quotation from a recent discourse he has published, good enough to preserve :

"When, therefore, it is declared that Christ bought us with a price, if you take it as the New Testament teaches it, in the metaphorical sense — if you go on and see that it is a figure, in that it is said that the blood was the precious blood of Christ, coined drops, not coined gold, there is no harm ; but when men, as they did once almost universally, and as they do now very largely, believe that in the suffering and death of the Lord Jesus Christ there was anything that literally meant paying a debt — paying a debt to the devil, as Origen taught ; paying a debt to law, as hundreds of people now teach ; paying a debt to justice, as the more refined teachers now say ; paying a debt to the public sentiment of the universe, or to God's feelings — it is all mischievous. It is mischievous to introduce into the highest realm of Divine thought and Divine feeling the low and ill-bred language of the counter and the shop. There is nothing except this remote and figurative application that is true in it. God does not traffic. God is not a merchant that buys and sells affections, and character, and emotions. You would be shocked at the very conception of any trading in love that was mercenary. What is *mercenary* except *merchandise* ? and yet, the term has become stigmatized and odious, be-

cause men have come to feel that in the realm of thought, and feeling, and love, above all other feelings, there cannot be any such law of equivalents, or any such buying or selling, as there is in commerce; because they have come to feel that love has its own rules, and does not borrow them from the shop, although it may employ the figures of commerce. The one is higher than the other, and different from it. And if the difference seems so great among men, how much more apparent will it be as you rise. It is nowhere so clear as in the best things.

"As men go up in the scale from a lower to a higher excellence; as they rise from vulgar to finer and nobler feelings and impulses, the more they feel that their actions must differ from the actions which they perform in material things. And if it be so among men, how much more must it be so in God! God never paid any debts, and the atonement of Christ, and the sufferings and death of Christ, are no literal and commercial equivalents for anything, and could not be without degrading the very conception which makes God beautiful and holy.

"That Christ suffered for men we all rejoice to believe; but that he literally weighed out, as it were, so much suffering for you, and that He summed up in Himself the sum total of all the myriad individual units and tens, is a monstrous fatuity which it seems to me could not have been bred except in times when men had not yet explored the real nature of the human mind, and the real relations of feeling to feeling, thought to thought, and character to character. Yet one would think, sometimes, to hear discourses on this subject, and to read the yet imperfect notions of writers concerning it, that God sat behind a counter, and that the vast intercourse and relations of the universe were but so much traffic."

The objections to Mr. Beecher's modernized theology are, that he whittles the idea of the atonement down to a point too small to be well seen, and has little or no reference to make to *Scripture*, but offers merely his own philosophical statements. *The Examiner*, the Baptist paper in which his sermons have lately appeared, comes to his defense, we believe, with the sensible assertion that however *peculiar* some of his theological notions may appear, he is a forcible man in the affairs of practical religion, for all that.

Mr. Beecher's view of the judgment is *reasonable* rather than *Scriptural*.

"When men are judged, they are judged simply by the continuous moral quality that is in them. It is the questions, Which way does the mind point? Which way do the faculties point? What is the moral tendency? What are the moral fruits and out-comes?—it is these questions that determine character. It is not measured; it is not weighed. There is no account kept of it. Every man's character depends on his absolute moral condition."

Mr. Beecher is no *materialist*, as the following shows :

"Let us not treat our souls—let us not treat our immortal parts—as if they were of clay and earth. The body is of the earth, and returns again to dust; but it bears in it an altar-fire—it bears in it a precious commodity—that cannot be mentioned with gold or jewels. It is that for which there is no just equivalent in this world; it is that for which there will be found a just equivalent only when we rise into that land of love where the body shall never go—where the soul, as a sweet, pure, flaming spirit, shall exist forever—where love shall make its own laws, and where love shall rule because the body and all its appetites shall have died forever."

It is "the skepticism of the old Sadducees."

SPEAKING of Mr. Beecher's sermon, a critic concludes, "Since there is no atonement as forming a ground of pardon, it would seem that all men must finally be condemned, since all have sinned. Nothing is set forth of repentance, nothing of forgiveness." For a better view of the whole subject than can be found most anywhere else, we refer all who are at all exercised in considering it to an essay on "Compensation," published by Mr. Emerson, in which he says, "The voice of the Almighty saith, 'Up and onward forevermore!' We cannot stay amid the ruins." *Forevermore* will take us on beyond the possibility of any "final condemnation." We do not promise the reader that he will find much in this essay about "original sin," "atonement," "repentance," "forgiveness," but he may gather many valuable and confirming statements, or suggestions, that have, perhaps, a long time lain in his own mind as possible solutions of the problem. Mr. Emerson begins by saying, "Ever since I was a boy, I have wished to write a discourse on Compensation; for it seemed to me when very young, that on this subject life was ahead of theology, and the people knew more than the preachers taught."

ANOTHER critic of Mr. Beecher says, "He keeps saying, 'Do right, do right, that is religion.' Auguste Comte, the atheist, said the same thing; that was his religion. But then,

'What shall the dying sinner do?'"

What, but die, and after death, do as he could have done before? How is it that the mere act of dying must affect his opportunities for the worse? Why must "fate" close in upon him there, and "grace" have an end? What other purpose can the good God have in permitting the sinner to still live, but that he may outgrow his sin, and "put off the old Adam"?

"WARRINGTON" writes to the *Springfield Republican*, "I asked an old ex-clergyman of the denomination what he thought of Dr. Miner

on the scent for heretics, and he said the only possible heresy in the Universalist denomination, according to the old teachers of that order, was to deny that Judas Iscariot and Jesus Christ were sitting side by side at the right hand of God." The original Judas was fortunate in dying before a less liberal spirit prevailed. Those who are regarded as the Judases of to-day, have an important condition attached to their privilege, which he did not. It does not particularly relate to their moral or spiritual character; it is not because they, carrying "money bags," have finally sold their souls, that they cannot occupy the exalted seat in this and the next world. No such rigor of moral discipline is proposed now, any more than formerly. But an ecclesiastical issue is raised, which, the zeal of many makes outweigh all virtue, and *lack* of virtue, beside. Are they proficient in confessing with their lips that Jesus Christ is Lord? Yea, or nay? "Yea" secures the welcome and honor.

"Can it be possible that all those who have been publicly connected with the radical religious movement can read the paragraph from the pen of the Editor on page 760 of the August Radical, without protesting against such irreligious reference to the Saviour?" — *Boston Transcript*.

WE make a note of the above that we may to some extent correct the prevailing mistake in regard to the nature of the religious radical movement. So far as we know all those who contribute to this movement do so of their free accord, without permission or hindrance from each other. They are a company of men and women, some of them more or less associated, all of them holding as individuals their own independant ground. Of the time to speak, each is his own judge, as he is also of what he shall say. Those who may associate share in no responsibility for each others' opinions. If they have any meaning for the word "heresy," it expresses for them a divine right. As a "denominational body," they do not exist. Their unisons are of the spirit. The idea of "the Saviour," if it is held at all, is a private opinion. It may be held or not, like any other idea, the person holding it, being neither better nor worse. Collectively, the Radicals have no dogma, nor any voice, hence, no "Saviour," nor aught else to defend. They defend freedom by personal discipline in non-intervention. They criticize each other, yet hold fellowship all the same.

THE true method for increasing a knowledge of the truth takes full account of the resources of human nature. It gives thoughts to the winds, nor worries to know whence they are blown, nor how they fare. Waiting minds are at every point of the compass. They know

their own truth. They can manage it. They need no pastor, no divine Doctor. *They and it.* Write it, speak it, leave them alone. There is a preacher who says, "I sow Sabbath morning, and reap my harvest at night." *His* harvest. Will the Lord think it fit for *His* granary? There is another preacher, who, it is said, has large collections of photographs, *fac similes* of the souls he has saved. He studies them well that in Heaven he may recognize his "jewels," and say, "Here Lord, am I, thy unworthy servant, and the souls Thou hast given me." What a parade-ground would he make of the Kingdom of Heaven.

FOR a few years back we have heard various rumors of an effort to introduce into the Constitution of the United States, a recognition of the being of God, and of the divine authority of the Christian religion. The other day we read in the *Church Union* a paragraph stating that Rev. Mr. Craven, of Newark, New Jersey, is engaged working up the subject, and that the interest therein among professed Christians (of whom there are 5,000,000 in America) is rapidly increasing. It adds its own mite to the cause by saying, "It is difficult to comprehend how a nation with such an infidel Constitution can expect the blessing of God."

Well, Mr. Craven and Co., no doubt the tottering fortunes of your religion need this Constitutional prop. But, if we mistake not, you come upon the stage too late for more than a farce. You are a number of centuries too late; three or four at least. Had providence ordered your birth with more seasonableness for the work you have at heart, you might have achieved something of a success. But here you are thrust into the last half of the nineteenth century, — five million strong, all told — men, women and children at that, — and the whole bent of the new civilization against you to a dead certainty. Better try your fortunes at some less hopeless task. Pray consider that the fathers were right in this matter. Understand that the political constitution of a country has nothing to do with forms of religion, nor with affirming the being of a God. God and religion are private property. Let your Constitution provide for establishing justice among men, and then its function will be exhausted, and the blessing of God fairly earned.

But, proceed if you must. Perhaps the question needs airing. At any rate, the Christianity you represent needs to make but a few more such pretensions, to expose it to universal contempt.

EDITOR.

BOOK NOTICES.

A WOMAN'S SECRET. By MRS. CAROLINE FAIRFIELD CORBIN. Chicago: Central Publishing House, 1867.

This is a "Woman's Rights" book. The story is decidedly interesting, the characters are drawn with vigor and no little felicity. In the characterization there is a fine impartiality: men and women are portrayed as they really are; some noble, self-sacrificing, self-forgetful; some mean, selfish, cruel. The most loveable character in the book is Dr. Gaines; the most odious is Mrs. Gladstone; and the fact is noticeable when we take into account that the prevailing purpose is to write man *down* and woman *up*. Rebecca, the heroine, engages one's interest, and seems rather finely delineated, until she begins to dispute, when at once the tone becomes so dogmatic, and has such a hard, disagreeable argumentative *snaf*, that the effect is quite spoiled. She goes off like a disputing machine; round turns the crank, the cogs fit well into each other, the wheels revolve, buzz, buzz, grind, grind; no wooden performance could be better.

It is a pity; for Mrs. Corbin came near to making an excellent novel. She has earnest moral feeling, a good womanly sentiment, — when she does not commit herself to the machine, — and she has almost a *genius* for characterization. Her book contains fine observations, has indeed many merits.

And yet it is spoiled. She deals in theory somewhat liberally, and the theory is shallow, flippant, and every way poor to a degree. Her theory of man is that he is distinctively selfish, and fit only for the lowest functions; of woman, that she is an angel, and that all high interests are committed to her hands. And yet this angel has no inward control or strength unless that selfish brute *loves* her! It is not merely that she needs his muscular power, as one needs that of an ox; her *felicity* depends upon his *love*. Titania is happy only when Bottom, with the donkey's head on his shoulders, brays affection. How any woman, with a hundredth part of Mrs. Corbin's fine sense and fine feeling, can commit herself to this disgusting conception of the relation between the sexes, passes our comprehension.

Again, woman is angel, *but* she has no character of her own! She is what man makes her. She may be as bloodless an incarnation of selfishness as Mrs. Gladstone is shown to be; but she is not in fault, man makes her so; and if he *will* make her so, she cannot help it! This attempt to make women, like babies, irresponsible, this making her an angel without a particle of character, an angelic nose of wax, — ought to be more offensive to any woman who respects herself and her sex, than any direct censure could be. Surely no woman will serve her sex by preaching this skimpole gospel. Make women believe, as Mrs. Corbin would have them, that they *must* be whatever the other sex would have them: that they *must* continue to fill up the hells of our cities until there is nowhere a

lewd man ; and Heaven help them ! Nay, Heaven itself could not then help them. And precisely this, and in direct allusion to the "social evil," is what this writer would have them believe. We remember to have heard Lucy Stone make to woman a direct moral appeal, the most moving we ever listened to. *She* believed that they had character, and could do something for themselves. No Skimpole there. But all this is to be changed. No use to address woman ; speak to man ; he carries the whole character of woman, as it were, in his pocket ! Now, the sexes do indeed act and react upon each other, and the man is to blame for much short-coming in woman ; no doubt of it, and much shame to him ; but this angel-without-character doctrine of the sex is the worst slander upon it, and is fit to make one's stomach queasy.

Once more, Mrs. Corbin indulges herself in a sort of talk, to which Mrs. Farnham first gave currency, — to the effect that woman is superior to man, because her body has more organs. What a wonderful age is this we live in ! an age when, with such a purpose, refined ladies challenge the other sex to such comparisons ! "I am your superior sir ; for you ——" Spare ! spare ! We retreat, we fly the field in utter rout ! *Sauve qui peut !*

Let us, however, muster courage to remind Mrs. Corbin that in all which distinguishes the physical organization of human beings there is no such difference between the sexes as is pretended, but only in organic arrangements common to the mammalia in general. The argument is ludicrously invalid, and we beg leave to think it indelicate. Meanwhile the spirit of bold self-assertion in which it is employed is ungraceful, and is certainly not peculiarly feminine.

Woman *is* in some respects superior to man ; and because she is so, great promises of the welfare of humanity are committed to her hands. No man ever truly loved a woman without feeling this partial pre-eminence, feeling it with equal humility and gratitude. But on the one hand no true woman ever deeply loved, without feeling that she was mating superiorities with superiorities, and with such as are of equal dignity. The notion that woman can only love downward, and therefore degradingly, is one that should be summarily dismissed. If it be necessary to balance the self-assumption of one sex with a like indulgence for a time on the part of the other, we are quite willing to give women their turn ; but pray, let us get through with all this as soon as may be. Man and woman are each superior to the other, and superior in faculties of like dignity, and because they are so, there can be between them a true marriage, a union that constitutes for both of them a *higher* and more perfect life. Both will suffer while all this is misunderstood, and therefore we have no cordial welcome for books, which, in the unintelligible desire to exalt woman, rob her of all proper character, and make the supreme experience, save one, of her life a degradation. We say so much in the present case with pain, for, we repeat, Mrs. Corbin's book has decided merit. Her conception of the maternal relation is very noble indeed. She is always good when she writes from her own mind ; it is only when she falls to her borrowed themes, largely due to

Mrs. Farnham, that she fails. Will she not leave this trash of physiological irrelevancies, not to say indelicacies, aside, with all the crass stuff that belongs to it, and try again, writing only from her fine woman's heart? There is much to be said on the topic she has at heart, and a certain portion of this she is able to say, and say well, even beautifully, if she will write what she feels, and let Farnhamisms alone.

D. A. W.

NATURE AND LIFE. Sermons by ROBERT COLLYER, Pastor of Unity Church, Chicago. Boston: H. B. Fuller, 1867. pp. 313.

No statements of doctrine, results of an intellectual method or of scientific thinking, no positing of naturalism or of supernaturalism, are to be found in this volume. It seems to be entirely destitute of any theological forethought, and appears quite unconcerned whether the writer be ranked with one party or another. We can draw our own inferences, if we choose, but the volume does not go out of its way to help us.

Perhaps we might urge that, in the present tendency to distinguish sharply between the old and new schools of liberal belief, when it is no longer a matter of indifference to which side a man belongs, and when no man, except the merest pulpit rhetorician, ought to be content with neutrality, or to cover up all issues in loose statements of the superiority of true living to right thinking, a few pages might have been devoted to an uncontroversial but frank and manly statement of the writer's anti-supernaturalism. For he ought not to think that, because he is a fine, bold, healthy sympathizer with men and women, and with all great causes, he can afford to be misinterpreted, or to give occasion to interested flattery. He should tell his whole thought plumply upon all grave points, without dread of being labelled by this or that party. A man of poetic gifts and sensibilities, who is disposed to wrap his ideas in fine appeals to the general feelings in which all men agree, and who loves to tell how he appreciates our human nobility, is very likely to be misunderstood upon a point that ought not to be blinked, that cannot be ignored. Mr. Collyer would leave no one in doubt as to his republicanism, his hatred of treason, love of equal rights, and of all high morals. He ought to have sentences equally Saxon and sinewy to record once for all whatever theological radicalism he sincerely cherishes. This would save him from the disgrace of being continually button-holed and patted on the back by the didactic brethren who want to make capital out of his fine gifts. And a man who is so capable of standing alone, and doing his great work, need not be afraid if some radical should try the button-holing game. As it is, what with pulling and hauling, Mr. Collyer will not have a button left upon his coat. We suspect he will say that any dogmatic string will serve to hold his garments on while he does the real work which God has put into his hands. This failure sharply to discriminate, showing a carelessness upon the point of an intellectual method, and no great interest in the historical order of creation, cannot be urged as a fault against a volume which so plainly sets out to talk about those matters of prevailing interest, faith, hope, love of nature, and senti-

ments connected with home and the affections. And we never expect that Mr. Collyer will clear up this generality of tone. It must always pervade his speaking and writing, and remain, in such healthy hands, very quickening and effective.

We are disposed thus to pay the highest compliment that we can to our impression of the man, by actually criticising a volume that the sectarian newspapers sufficiently bespatter with fine epithets. We do not mean to tell how many touching and lovely pages have arrested our attention, what capital phrases clinch his thought, what simplicity of style and feeling he has, how thoroughly in earnest he appears. By this time he can do without any more general allusions of that kind. Will he thank us for telling a private fear we have that his sympathy with the domestic features of our homes and people will run into sentimentality, as it does, for instance, in the sermons entitled "Ascending and Descending Angels," "Healing and Hurting Shadows," and "The Hither Side?" We know that his heart is not a flabby organ, with all its tenderness, but his pen cannot entirely cure itself of paddling about in the feeling. Oh, let us all shun this trick of manipulating and nursing the home-stock and average softnesses of the people. Leave all that business to be done by eloquent pulpit orators whose ministry consists in rehashing the congregation and protecting it from thought.

Mr. Collyer's sense of humor ought not to be overlooked in estimating these discourses.

What a pleasant shock it gives to the nerves when this great quality pervades the sermonic form. The meeting-house, communion table, font and sexton disappear, reabsorbed in nature, if indeed they ever came thence, and the audience gets the tonic of its own health and laughter. Mr. Collyer can make you weep, yet, with no violent transition, you find the tear dried by the sun-burst of a smile as it flits across the countenance. There is no art in this; it is the most unaffected play of his noble natural power. The courage to speak the mind, and the mind to be charmed by the incongruity that dissolves in a deeper congruity of feeling, has given Mr. Collyer this inestimable advantage in addressing men. And as often as he throws himself unreservedly upon man's craving for bold, spontaneous speech, his writings will meet the welcome which has already been accorded to this volume, whose spirit, good-nature, and devotedness, will be the delight of many a house.

J. W.

THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM, Or, Jesus and his Gospel before Paul and Christianity. By GEORGE STEARNS. Boston: Belah Marsh.

The purpose of this book is to distinguish between the natural religion of Jesus and Christism — that religion of Paul which all Christendom after the apostle has mistaken for the Gospel of Jesus.* The author exclaims "Behold the man!" but not as a more modern* and popular writer has done to implicate Jesus in the claim for an official position among his

*The Mistake of Christendom was first published by Mr. Stearns ten years ago.

fellow men. In behalf of Jesus he repudiates the entire Christian scheme, including the foggy theories of that phase of it known of late as *liberal*.

It may be well to note here a fact of some importance, which most of the critics of religious radicalism fail to comprehend. They seem to think that it is the whole purpose of a radical's creed to dishonor the character of Jesus. The truth is, with rare exceptions, perhaps, they tender him more true honor than any other class pretending to show him respect at all. For instance, Theodore Parker's eulogy of him ranks among the most appreciative. So has Mr. Emerson in some of his essays, yielded the fullest meed of praise. In a recent lecture of his we heard him utter a few sympathetic words that were sufficient to relieve the man whose name has been so ploughed into the history of the world from all need of eulogium by the million sickly pipers of it. The crowded hall was hushed into a silence as sublime as it was profound. The manly reverence one soul may pay another, is something different from the impoverished whine over the "Lord" now becoming so popular in the churches, as Spiritual life is dying out there.

Mr. Stearns, in common with all radical writers, is quite disposed to give Jesus the credit of being a first discoverer of Spiritual laws. He is, perhaps, more unqualified than some in his assertions. His book shows that he has been a faithful student of the subject; and it furnishes many chapters of valuable reading. If he had brought it to an end without putting in a claim for Jesus as a "medium," we should have been much better pleased. But he has evidently been faithful to his own convictions, and that is never other than a merit.

We confess to much skepticism about the "wisdom of the angels." We think the race does not have things *revealed* to it, so much as it in its progress and growth *discovers* truth, the laws of material nature, and of human nature. It ascends to higher spheres by force of strength gained in discovering and obeying the laws of the present plane. The mind of man must sustain as original a relation to truth now, as ever hereafter, for him to be much benefited thereby. Our "Heavenly world" is within the soul itself. We like to insist on the privilege of exploring it, for we value the experience. Leave us a little poetry, a little opportunity for surprise. As one says, at the beginning of a promising story, "Don't tell," to the friend who wants to sketch it through and reveal the end, so we protest against the anticipations of our growth by "celestial revelations." We think souls may be as wise in visible as in invisible bodies, while "living" as when "dead." Our theory is that *revelation* is *perception*. All that Jesus knew, he knew of himself, precisely as the rest of us do. His own eye saw the principle he unfolded. He needed not to abdicate in favor of superior intelligences. What one has to communicate is himself. We like to know that he sticks to that, be it more or less.

But aside from this turn of the subject, which will be no drawback whatever to a great many, Mr. Stearns has furnished much to recommend his book to all.

EDITOR.

PRAYING AND WORKING. By the Rev. WILLIAM F. STEVENSON, Dublin ; London : Strahan & Co. 1863.

There is more of the Christ spirit and life in this book, than there is of intellectual good or apperception of the truth in it. Indeed, if the book teaches anything, it teaches the unattainableness of good by the mere intellect or by culture alone. Modern culture is opposed to New Testament faith and to the miracle-working Christ, because it has no use for them. It is not easy to unite the two. The contrast in the life of John Falk, between the intensely practical and realistic character of that "faith which works by love," and the ideal or intellectual life of Weimar in the last century, which quietly ignored Christianity. Falk was both a student and lover of Goethe, and at one time attached to his person, is very finely drawn, and not without its lesson in our day. When Napoleon came thundering and storming through Germany, disturbing the repose of the gods, and frightening Weimar out of its wits, John Falk set to work saving what he could of the human wrecks which war made around him, and gathering the poor orphan children as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings. "The dark nights of winter were lighted with burning homesteads, the roads from village to village were thick with corn ; horses were bought for a crown and foddered on the unthreshed wheat ; wool was sold for a farthing the pound, and the sheep were roasted by the score ; the peasants were driven in at the point of the bayonet to roast and grind the coffee for breakfast ; the air was rent with the cries of women and children, who fled from the brutal soldiery, and Ragusa at the head of 20,000 brigands, filled the country with terror and blood. During nine months, 900,000 hostile soldiers, and 500,000 horses were quartered on the Duchy of Weimar, with its population of 100,000. But one man preserved his head, bore up against the panic, spoke brave, cheery words, and acted with wisdom and vigor. The Duke made him a Councillor, and hung an order on his breast. 'The people in Weimar,' says the only biographer I have been able to find, 'saw the new Councillor walk through the street with a ribbon at his button-hole ; but the Lord in heaven saw only a publican which was a sinner.' Falk was the good genius of the place."

Peace came at length, and pestilence followed in the track of war. Falk himself lost four out of six children, and buried, as he declared, the best part of his life in the grave. But buried only as the seed is buried preparatory to a new life and vigor, for at this point began the real life-work of Falk. He inaugurated the Home Mission in Germany, built Reformatories for poor wandering and destitute children, and toiled indefatigably at arresting the growth of evils, and nipping in the bud the incipient crime and pauperism of future generations. He saw the value of childhood as an element of power and purity in the progress of society, and was one of the earliest and most successful workers in this great field of Human Culture. He was accompanied and followed in his work by such men and teachers as Pestalozzi, Wichern, Theodore Hiedner, John Evangelist Gossner, and

others, who are given as specimens of praying and working men, and hence the title of the book.

J. S.

LOVE IN SPAIN, AND OTHER POEMS. By MARTHA PERRY LOWE.
Author of "THE OLIVE AND THE PINE." Boston: William V. Spencer. 1867.

If we might look upon the contents of this elegant volume as superior pieces of ladies' fancy work, we should find much in it to praise and admire. But no person, we are sure, would more strongly object to such treatment than the authoress, none would sooner scorn leniency accorded in behalf of her sex. We must therefore regard it as what it professes to be, a serious work of art, and as such we are bound to condemn it.

To-day, when so many write, and so few write well, we cannot set our standard of art too high, nor speak too plainly the truth about all inferior products. The circumstance which, above all others, prevents the growth of high art in America, is the hasty and indiscriminate praise showered upon worthless productions and paltry imitations. Into the aristocracy of art, genius alone can give admission; where that is wanting all efforts at intrusion are as ridiculous as those of M. Jourdain.

The present volume has received much praise; it deserves none except what may be set down to the credit of the printer and the binder. *Love in Spain* is a drama in form, but it is neither a tragedy nor a comedy, nor any combination of these. It is a tale, such as we have known romantic young ladies of sixteen write, partially turned into verse. It has not one of the requisites of a work of art, central idea, plot, purpose, unity, or execution. The characters are puppets moved by wires, and demeaning themselves very ludicrously. There is not a life picture, nor even a daub in it. It is unrelieved prose from beginning to end, much of it bad prose, pretending to be verse. To take a few lines as examples: what shall we say to this six-footed monster:—

"What do you think about this liberal movement?"

or this poetical specimen:

"Then will you walk into the other room?"

M. Jourdain will discover shortly that he has been talking poetry all his life. Even the grammar is not always faultless, e. g.:

"There *are* no further news from England yet."

"How I *would* like to show those spots to you."

Such a barbarous plural as *madames* was surely never heard of before. It is a pity that an authoress, so fond of mixing up her dialogue with fragments of Spanish, should know her own language so imperfectly. The "Other Poems" have nothing to recommend them. Well may the writer of them exclaim, as she does: "O Poesy! thou art not mine!" She adds, with extraordinary grammar: "'T is I, sweet sovereign, who am thine,"—a statement which we beg leave to doubt. This volume has no *raison d'être*.

T. D.

THE PILLARS OF TRUTH: A Series of Sermons on the Decalogue. By E. O. HAVEN, D. D., L. L. D., President of the University of Michigan. New York: 1866. pp. 240.

At a meeting of the Methodist ministers of Boston and vicinity, held last July in this city, it was unanimously resolved,

"That we solemnly protest against the opening of the City Library on the Sabbath day, for the following reasons:

"1. Such an act will be in public opposition to the command of God to keep holy his sacred day."

Other reasons which follow this speak of the proposed opening of the Reading-room on Sunday afternoons, as a violation of the "positive commands of God in the Decalogue"; and again, "the manifest will of God, written in his Word."

In a speech made by Rev. Gilbert Haven, supporting these resolutions, he spoke of the opening of the Library on Sunday as "trampling under foot the law of God."

These are specimens of a very common assumption made by ministers, and by tract societies, and by the "Young Men's Christian Association" (so called), declaring that the Bible gives a special command, and a special prohibition, respecting Sunday, the first day of the week.

Is this assumption true?

In one of the sermons in the book whose title is given above (published only a year ago), Dr. E. O. Haven has undertaken to show that it *is* true. He is as able a man as any in the Methodist denomination, and is intimately acquainted with the Scriptures. If there is in the Bible, any command, or any prohibition, in regard to Sunday, he can show it. Let us see whether he does show any.

The Hebrew fourth commandment declares that "the seventh day is the Sabbath."

Dr. Haven candidly admits that "the Jewish Sabbath (our Saturday) is the true seventh day," and that "a change so great as transferring the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week, could not be made but by divine authority." He repeats this just statement as follows:—"The decision of the date of the Sabbath, whether on the first day or the seventh day of the week, *must be made by divine authority.*"

Now please attend carefully to Dr. Haven's citation of "divine authority" for the use of Sunday as a Sabbath by Christians. Here are his words, pp. 90, 1, 2:

"If the Sabbath, therefore, was ever changed, it must have been done by Christ or his apostles.

"Such was the fact.

"The change *does not seem* to have been brought about by a *sudden edict*, but by a quiet, persistent urging of a *new custom*. The apostles and early Christians *seem* to have been in the habit of meeting together for religious services on Sunday, or the first day of the week. . . .

"It was found *more practicable* to secure an observance of the first day

of the week as a truly holy day, than to emancipate the seventh day of the week from its false associations. Moreover, the first day of the week was the day on which Christ arose from the dead, demonstrating man's immortality. *Therefore* Christians were taught to regard the first day as their Sabbath."

Oh ! most lame and impotent conclusion !

"Christians were taught," were they ? But who taught them ? No "divine authority" recorded in Scripture taught them. Dr. Haven has not been able to quote a single command, or even recommendation, to that effect. There *is* no such command, no such recommendation even, in the New Testament. And it is precisely because these are not to be found, that a reasoner so skilful as Dr. Haven is obliged to tell us that something "must have been *done*,"—that something else "does not seem"—that something else *does* "seem"—that something else "was found more practicable"—and that "Therefore" a certain "new custom" became a law of God (!) and is to be received as enacted "by divine authority" (!) though not a word is said about it in Scripture !

Such is the forlorn condition to which Dr. Haven is reduced by the fact that his church requires him to teach, as from the Bible, something that is not *in* the Bible. He can reason well where there is a foundation of truth for him to stand upon ; but in this case he feels compelled by circumstances to maintain something that is not true ; and thus his "therefore," a word which in other cases he would be ashamed to use without adequate foundation of facts or truths, is based only on "seemings"; and even this is too strong a word, for the things he alleges do not even *seem*, in the eye of reason ! they are only *said* to "seem."

The desperate strait in which Dr. Haven finds himself, is shown by his phraseology. Why does he talk about the absence of "a sudden edict" ? There was no edict at all. Why does he talk about "a new custom ?"—as if the introduction of any new custom by men could manufacture and establish "a law OF GOD !" Why does he talk about the habit of early Christians "meeting together for religious services on Sunday," as if that use of a part of Sunday made an obligatory Sabbath of the whole of it ? It is a vain attempt to make bricks without straw. It is of stuff far other than the "customs" or "habits" of *men* that "God's laws" are made !

C. K. W.